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Hollowe'en merrymakers

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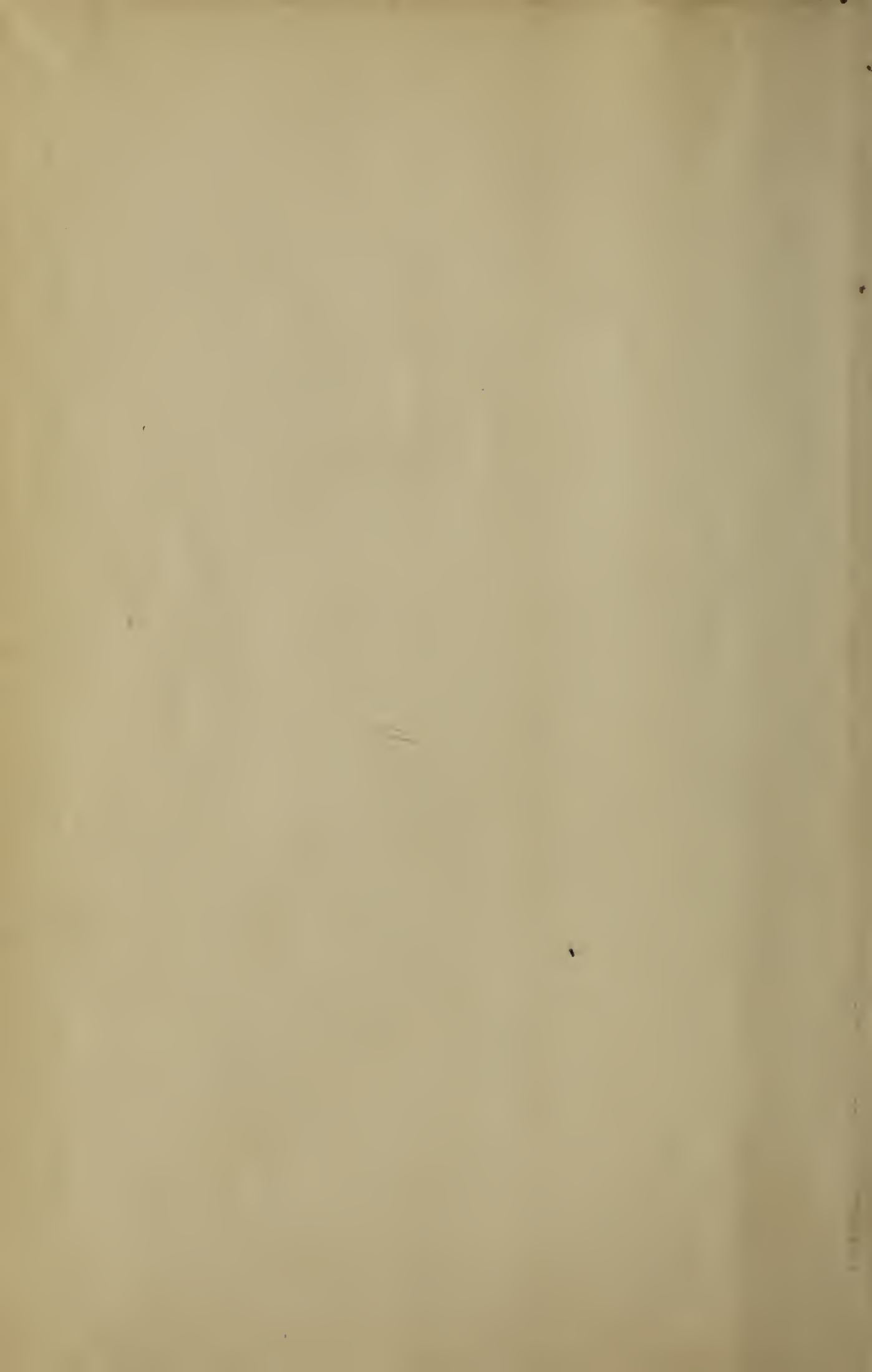
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# HALLOWE'EN MERRYMAKERS

By  
MARIE IRISH

*Author of*  
"CHRISTMAS MERRYMAKERS"  
"GLAD TIME CHRISTMAS BOOK"  
"SUNSHINE CHRISTMAS BOOK"  
*etc., etc.*

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# Hallowe'en Merrymakers



## Novel Frolics for Hallowe'en

*Ah, had ye but the power to see  
The company that round ye be  
On Hallow Eve!  
The witches, ghosts, and pixie band  
From forest nook and spirit land;  
Whose antics, could the eye behold,  
Would make the warmest blood run cold  
On Hallow Eve!*

Because of its supernatural flavor, and the superstitions connected with it, Hallowe'en appeals strongly to the imagination. Its origin is lost in antiquity; its pagan ceremonies antedate Christianity, but through the passing centuries this Hallow Eve of All Saints' Day has remained one of the year's most popular holidays. It is the night upon which supernatural influences are supposed to prevail; when gnomes, elves and witches join with the spirits of the dead, bringing confusion and terror to mortals.

The ancient Romans, long before the Christian era, held a yearly feast with offerings in honor of Pomona, the Goddess of fruits and seeds. With religious rites the Druids celebrated the close of the harvest and upon stone altars lighted their new fires to the Sun-God, that he might return in the spring time with fresh life for their crops. The people returned to their homes with new embers from the altar, to kindle, with the sacred fire of the Druids, the flames that would protect their homes during the coming year. Gradually the ceremonies of the early day were absorbed by superstition. Taman, the Lord of Death, was supposed to call together the souls of the wicked to re-sentence them. Spirits were free upon this night to wander about at will, and the peasants built huge bonfires, sitting in their light for protection from evil influences. Hallowe'en became a night for prying into the mysteries of the future, which probably origi-

nated the games and ceremonies by which one learns the predictions of fate. Where it was once the occasion of serious ceremony, Hallowe'en has been given over to mirth and jollity.

From ancient days nuts have been thought to have a peculiar power in settling love questions. They were burned upon the coals by maidens to test the constancy of their lovers. The early poets made numerous mention of nut charms for Hallowe'en. These favorites are still popular. They are so much used in England and Scotland that some localities refer to Hallowe'en at "Nut-crack Night." Next to nuts, apples were the prized mediums for deciding the affairs of lovers. The seeds were used in various contests, the parings were used; and while the maidens were trying these charms, the young men were proving their courage by trying to bite an apple revolving on a stick with a lighted candle at the other end, and the boys were bobbing for apples in a tub of water—one of the oldest of Hallowe'en sports.

The peasants of early days were very superstitious. Graveyards were haunted; certain houses were haunted; ghosts were seen; the forest had its band of fairies; spirits appeared to certain individuals. Signs and portents were firmly believed and early poems and stories abound with references to them. Even today there are many who enjoy their superstitions. Small wonder therefore that not only the young, but the older folk as well, enjoy the Hallowe'en revels which hark back to the mysteries of the past, and give a glimpse of future events. That they are unreliable, makes them no less enjoyable.



PART I

RECITATIONS, EXERCISES,  
DIALOGUES, SONGS AND DRILLS

---

Recitations and Monologues



Safety First

On Hallowe'en I stay at home,  
It is not safe for me to roam,  
For round the corner I might see  
A Jacky Lantern grinning at me.

On Hallowe'en I stay at home,  
It is not safe for me to roam,  
For round the corner I might hear  
A hoot owl hooting sad and queer.

On Hallowe'en I stay at home,  
It is not safe for me to roam,  
For round the corner I might meet  
A spooky ghost in winding sheet.

Much Nicer

*(For a little girl.)*

I do not like Jack o' Lanterns,  
They have such frightful eyes;  
I'm sure that pumpkins are nicer  
When made into golden pies.

### Is Any One So Foolish?

*(For small boy.)*

I have heard that on Hallowe'en  
There are prophecies of fate,  
And one may get information  
Regarding his future mate.

To tell you the truth I'm anxious  
To consult the fates and see  
If there's any girl so foolish  
As to wed a boob like me.

### A Jolly Time

*Ghosts, Witches and Goblins!*

They may be folly,  
But they surely help to  
Make Hallowe'en jolly.

### The Hallowe'en Witch

There's a witch who's a sight,  
She looks like a fright,  
And her face is a scowl of gloom;  
With her high peaked hat,  
And her ugly black cat,  
She rides about on a long broom.

She is much to be seen  
When comes Hallowe'en,  
And she has dark looks for us all;  
But we do not mind that  
When broom, witch and cat  
Are safely pinned up on the wall.



### Modern Witches

*(For a pretty girl ten or twelve years old, dressed in grown-up costume with a stylish gown, a large, flower-trimmed hat, and carrying a fancy fan.)*

In the days gone by,  
So I have heard tell,  
Bad witches would cast  
A malevolent spell.  
They were so ugly that  
Most any dark hour  
They would enthrall one  
With magical power.

But the times have changed,  
And the witches today  
Ensnare and allure one  
In a more modern way.  
With smiles and coy glances,  
And eyes that entice,

*(Uses fan coquettishly, smiling over it at the audience.)*

They spell and bewitch you  
'Fore you can think twice—  
Sly witches of today!

### On October Thirty-First

On a late October evening,  
When the branches move and sway,  
And throw their spooky shadows  
In a queer, fantastic way;

When the stalks of withered flowers  
Rattle with a rasping sound,  
And the dry leaves by the roadside  
Lightly dance along the ground;

When there's whispering and moaning  
In the bushes and the trees,  
Perhaps you think it's nothing  
But a gay frolic of the breeze.

But there's something far more awful,  
And were your sight more keen  
You would see the elves and goblins  
Who come forth on Hallowe'en.

You would see the ghosts of many  
A long-departed knight,  
Shaking the plants and branches  
With all their ghostly might.

These folk rattle at the casement,  
For they want to let you know  
That they still come out to revel,  
As in days of long ago.

Think *not* 'tis but the breezes  
Playing 'round the festive scene;  
'Tis the ghosties and hobgoblins  
Who fare forth on Hallowe'en.

### 'Tis Different Today

In centuries vanished  
Upon Hallowe'en,  
When black cats were meowing  
And breezes blew keen;  
When mysterious sounds  
Disturbed the night air,  
You knew ghosts were 'round,  
And witches were there,  
And gnomes and hobgoblins,  
And fays, dark and fair.

Today it is different;  
Sad groans in the street  
Come from some youngster  
Togged up in a sheet;  
A mysterious tapping  
Soon becomes plain  
As some bold lad's tick-tack  
On your window pane;  
Witches with tall hats  
And bogies from fen,  
Make you smile as you say,  
"Hallowe'en's here again."

### Farewell to October

Farewell to gorgeous October,  
In gold and crimson painted,  
Whose sunny days gave way at dusk  
To sparkling nights, frost tainted;  
Whose hills and roadsides shone in robes  
Of colors glowing brightly,  
And 'neath the sun's inspiring rays  
Became most wondrous sightly.

Farewell, expiring October,  
And welcome to Hallowe'en.  
We're glad you leave this parting gift  
When gruesome sights are seen;  
Your azure skies and golden days,  
Your gay October graces,  
Find a fitting departure  
With spooks and grinning faces.

We think you're clever, October,  
To brilliantly pass away  
In the gay and festive revels of  
A popular holiday;  
When you return, though you forget  
Your enchanting, golden sheen,  
And your gay autumnal colors,  
Please *don't* forget Hallowe'en.

### The Sad Little Pumpkin

Upon a trailing pumpkin vine  
There bloomed a flower yellow  
That gave way to a little knob,  
A green and sickly fellow.

As summer days went slipping by  
His progress was so slow  
That the Mother Vine accused him  
Of forgetting how to grow.

This pumpkin didn't take on size,  
And he didn't take on weight;  
He worried 'bout it till his nerves  
Were in a dreadful state.

The other pumpkins jeered and said,  
"You're a winner, ho, ho, ho!  
Why don't you enter for the prize  
At the fair or pumpkin show?"

"The farmer'll feed you to the cows  
For taking too much ground."  
Said one, "*I'm* twenty inches tall,  
And forty inches round."

The midget tried to stretch in length,  
He tried his sides to swell,  
And why he still remained so small  
He really couldn't tell.

In the autumn sun the pumpkins  
Were a fine and cheerful sight;  
The little fellow thanked his stars  
That at least his coat was bright.

Then came a maiden to the field,  
With Ah's! and Oh's! so hearty,  
And said, "Now which shall be the one  
That I'll take to the party?"



The fat and sound and big and round  
Ones all swelled up with glee,  
For each one said unto himself,  
"She'll certainly take me."

When she saw Midget she exclaimed,  
"I'll take you because you're small,  
For a little Jack o' Lantern  
Is the cutest of them all."

The fat prize-winners left behind  
Thought it was tough and mean  
That the runt of the field should share  
The glories of Hallowe'en.

### Grandmother's Hallowe'en Fate

*(Reader impersonates an elderly woman. Costuming for the part adds to the effect.)*

Believe in Hallowe'en charms? Of course I do. I've believed in them for more than fifty years, and you needn't tell *me* it wasn't Hallowe'en luck that got me my husband. He proved to be a good one, too, if he *wasn't* much noted for good looks an' had a dreadful appetite. For my part, I'd rather have a man who'll eat a square meal than one that picks 'round like a sick canary.

I don't know's I ought to tell you 'bout it—this Hallowe'en matchmakin' should be kept sort of secret; but land sakes, it happened so many years ago, an' Sam, my man, not being here to deny it, I s'pose I may as well tell you. It's every word true, too, and shows that Hallowe'en can help decide a woman's future mate—if she just manages right. Of course, I *will* say a person needs to help the fates, more or less, in bringing things out right.

My Sam was like a whole lot more men, nowadays the same as then, for men don't change much, and plenty of 'em don't know what they want until a woman makes it plain to 'em. Sam sort of fancied me, but he liked Mary Duff, an' he was fond of Jennie Hale, an' enjoyed Nell Williams'

gay chatter. I had made up my mind I was going to have Sam, but—well, I wasn't just sure how it was comin' out. Can't be real sure of gettin' a man till you've got 'im, an' that's true.

There was to be a Hallowe'en party at Jane Brown's, and I made up my mind I'd find out a few things 'bout the future, or know why not. Seemed like it would be an encouragement to know the fates favored my catchin' Sam if 'twas possible. 'Course, if I couldn't, there were others who weren't to be sneezed at; always good fish left in the sea, an' that's true.

I pared an apple in a fine, long paring and swung it 'round my head, hoping it would fall in either an S or an H, for Sam Holden; but it didn't. The nearest I could make out was an M, for Jed Meachim, who'd been sort of attentive to me for some time. So I tried saying the letters of the alphabet while I held a key tied to a string, inside a goblet. I'll declare if it didn't tap the letters B and J—Bert Jones, just as sure as I was living, an' he'd been tryin' to go with me for a year or more. Then I named apple seeds and pressed 'em on my forehead, hoping Sam would be the one who'd stick longest, but he didn't. It was Jed Meachim, with Sam the first to fall off.

Some girls might have been discouraged an' give Sam up, then an' there; but I says to myself, "Who knows more 'bout whether Sam's the one for me—these Hallowe'en Fates or myself?" I decided I knew as much 'bout it as they did, an' anyway, I knew he was the one I wanted. So I helped things 'long all I could, an' it was Sam who took me home from the party, in spite of Nell Williams' sweet smiles.

On the way home I was sort of quiet, hoping Sam would ask me what I was thinkin' 'bout—an' he did! "I'm thinkin' of what the Fates revealed to me tonight," I told him.

"Poof, you don't believe those charms, do you?" Sam asked, and I said, "Sure I do. Fate showed me two men, an' I know they both like me a lot. I'm wondering which one to take."

"Was I one of them?" Sam asked, an' I said real surprised-like, "W'y, no. Do you like me, too?" "I like you so well I don't intend to give you up to that pie-faced Jed



Meachim, or that lop-eared Bert Jones," says Sam, an', if you'll believe it, he proposed, then an' there.

I pretended to think it over, but what I was really thinking was that the Hallowe'en Fates showed me Jed an' Bert just to let me know that Sam was the one I should take—an' he sure was. Of course I believe in Hallowe'en charms.

### The Fortune Teller's Remarks

*(The reader comes on, having at least a touch of Hallowe'en costume to add to the effect, and seating herself at a table begins to manipulate a deck of cards as she talks.)*

I have been selected upon this occasion, and my salary paid in advance, because of my fame as a seeress, to prognosticate a bit regarding some of the present company. *(Fusses with cards and lays them out.)* I see here a fair lady *(gives more or less a description of one present)*. Just a moment and I'll tell her name. *(Thinks, then names some young married woman.)* I see her *(studies cards)* in a most willing attitude, in the arms of a man not her husband; I see her being most lovingly kissed by *another woman's husband*; a most compromising position, but—well, the man is her father, so there'll be no divorce proceedings.

I next behold a man, an attractive man. He is *(gives a description)* and my powers tell me his name is *(gives name of a married man whose father is living in another town or state)*. I see him packing a suitcase; I see him leaving home, leaving his wife and going back to his father. Many a young woman has decided to go back to her mother, but this man is returning to the home of his father. *(Fusses with cards and studies them.)* Ah, I find here a card of good luck that prevents any disastrous effect, and I'm glad to announce he's only going home for a few days' visit, sort of a business visit, and not because there is trouble with his wife.

Ha, what have we here? *(Studies cards.)* Trouble—serious trouble—over a letter. I see a married couple. *(Describes them; finally gives their names.)* The cards show me that the wife has received a letter from a man—a mar-

ried man, by the way, and the husband is angry about it. He is giving her a piece of his mind. (*Studies cards.*) I see the wife in tears. There is a real family quarrel. Yes, I can tell you why the husband is angry over the letter his wife has received from this other man. It is not a love letter; it is a bill for a new gown she has just purchased and her husband is giving her a lecture for being so extravagant.

Whom have we here? (*Studies cards.*) A very attractive man. (*Gives a description.*) He is what one might term a ladies' man, and from what the cards show, I conclude he is fond of at least the one I see him with. (*Gives a further description, so all know who is meant.*) I see this man with a woman; he is making love to her—ah, he is kissing her. She seems to enjoy it, and has no fear of a scandal, for—she is the man's—wife. I thank you for your attention, but owing to the meager sum paid for my divinations, I can give you no further enlightenment at this time.

### The Return

(*A mother speaking on Hallow even.*)

Nay, nay, chide me not that I am watching. 'Tis Hallow even, when the souls of the dead, they say, are free to wander as they will. If my son be dead, as you have told me these five years past, mayhap his soul may wander back, this even, to the home where his happy boyhood was spent. 'Tis like that he should wish to visit here the trees he loved to climb and the old well where he played. And should my boy come back this night, why should he not find his mother watching for him, the love-light still in her eyes? Nay, chide me not that I keep my place here by the open door. Just to feel that the soul of my lost lad has passed me will bring to my heart a bit of comfort.

Five years since he left us, the bonny sailor, to go forth to foreign ports from which he promised to bring me pretty treasures. His ship, they told us, went down in the storm off the rocky coast; but on Hallow even the winds seem to bring me the music of his voice, as his soul comes back to the door where his mother waits for him. So bid me not shut him out from the light of welcome.

Mayhap the waves took my lad, but he was fond of me, his mother, and his soul comes back upon this night to tell me so. You think the moaning of the wind is sad? 'Tis not so to me. There is a music in it which says (*imitates the wind*), "I lo-ov-ov-ov-ov-ove you-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo m-m-m-m-m-m-oth-oth-oth-oth-er-er-er." Yes, that is what the sighing winds say to me, and the music is sweet to my ears.

Many happy mothers there be this night who have their young people about them, making merry with Hallowe'en sports. They have the living with them to fill the homes with joy, so chide me not that I, who have but the music of my lad's voice in the passing winds of night, must stand at the open door, looking into the shadows.

What is the sound I hear (*listens*), like the rustle of footsteps among the leaves by the roadside? Some one draws near; perhaps a weary traveler, to whom we can offer a bit of Hallowe'en refreshment. (*As if to a visitor.*) Come in, sir, an' be welcome. Perhaps you will have a chair and rest a bit. (*Makes as if offering a chair.*) I—why dost thou (*startled look*) look at me so queerly? Is—is there (*stares as if amazed*) can it be—Robin, my boy, it IS—yourself. (*Gazes wide-eyed.*) This is not your ghost, returning on Hallow even; it is you, my boy. (*Falls upon her knees, her hands clasped, face raised as if looking at him.*) Tell me so. (*Pause.*) Shipwrecked upon an island? Just able to get home, after so long a time? (*Rises, stands with face lifted, hands at center of breast.*) Oh, Father in heaven, thank Thee for this, our boy who was lost, and is—found!

### A Pumpkin Romance

Once two country Pumpkins,  
As if by Fate's design,  
Grew together, side by side,  
Upon a trailing vine.

He was bold and smiled at her  
O'er the leaves that grew between;  
And she smiled back serenely,  
And both of them were green.



She was the pick of the patch,  
As near as he could figger,  
While she thought he was han'some,  
An' daily they grew bigger.

They grew in size an' weight,  
Beneath the sunshine meller;  
Weeks passed on, an' by an' by  
Both of them turned yellor.

Their love was strong an' deep,  
Though they couldn't express it—  
Being naught but Pumpkins,  
They could only guess it.

His love for her engrossed  
His manly, Pumpkin heart;  
She loved but him, and neither  
Had dreamed that they must part.

They did not know that Pun'kin love,  
Like summer weather, couldn't last;  
She was carried to the cellar,  
He was in the storeroom cast.

And while they there were pining  
Their Pumpkin hearts away,  
Fate decided they should meet  
Upon a later day.

They met upon Hallowe'en,  
And sadly did they sigh,  
For he was a Jack o'Lantern,  
And she was a Pumpkin Pie.

## Songs



### The Goofy Goblins

Two girls give this, wearing a costume made as follows: Make a white cloth sack, like a pillow slip, but rounded off at the upper corners, to slip over the head, coming down to the shoulders. Around the bottom of this gather a white cloth skirt, reaching below the knees, trimmed with black. The arms are kept down close to the sides, under the skirt. Makes holes for eyes and mouth, marking around the eyes with black crayon. Mark around the mouth with red.

On the head sew hair of strips of black cloth, having a long braid in front of each shoulder. When they come onto the stage they keep faces to the audience, moving forward and slightly sidewise; when leaving the stage, back off, making several bows. This does not give a back view and reveal the fact that there is no hair on the back of the head. Singing should be spooky, and singing under the cloth will make it so.

(TUNE: *There's Music in the Air.*)

We are not ghosts or goblins,  
Neither are we elves or sprites;  
We are the Goofy Goblins,  
Out to see the mystic sights.  
We have heard on Hallowe'en  
Many thrilling forms are seen,  
And the Goofy Goblin pair  
In the revels wish to share.

We thought you'd like to meet us,  
'Cause we are so cute and gay;  
We often help the sad folks  
Drive their gloom and cares away.  
Neither witch nor seer are we.  
Yet we often prophe-sigh.  
And we swear by our right feet,  
(*Bring right feet down with a stamp*)  
You'll all live until you die.

(*Bow proudly.*)

Beware of naughty witches  
 Sneaking 'round on Hallowe'en,  
 For they and their big black cats  
 Often get to acting mean;  
 But the Goofy Goblin two  
 Only good will bring to you,  
 And a sight of us, folks say,  
 Will drive rheumatiz away.

### The Ghosts of Hallowe'en

For several children, each with face heavily whitened, black circles drawn about the eyes and mouth, and draped, from head to foot, in a sheet.

(TUNE: *I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.*)

Oh, there'll be spooky doings  
 When cometh Hallowe'en,  
 With black cats loudly meowing,  
 And witches to be seen;  
 For 'tis the night when bats careen,  
 And hoots the hooting owl,  
 While in the heavy shadows  
 The gray ghosts slyly prowls.

*(Omit words to the next two lines, but hum them mournfully, and while the music—if there be an instrument, continues, the singers circle about the stage, part to the left, the others to the right, walking in a stealthy manner, looking here and there, as if hunting for some one. An interlude is played, to give them time to get back into line for the next stanza.)*

Oh, there'll be spooky doings  
 When cometh Hallowe'en,  
 With Jack Lanterns a-throwing  
 Their cheerful, golden sheen;  
 Upon their broomsticks fearlessly  
 The scowling witches ride,  
 While in the heavy shadows  
 The gray ghosts slyly glide.

*(Prowl about to the music, as above.)*



Oh, there'll be spooky doings  
When cometh Hallowe'en,  
With fays and fairies dancing  
Beside you, quite unseen;  
The spells and charms of ancient days  
Their mystic power will show,  
While in the heavy shadows  
The gray ghosts come and go.

*(Hum music and prowl about as above, then exeunt, one by one.)*

### The Hallowe'en Concert

(TUNE: "*Massa's In the Cold Ground.*")

1—Where the shadows dark were falling,  
Two owls sat on a tree;  
There their mournful notes were calling,  
With a sad and doleful plea;  
On the old oak's swaying branches  
Sang with ardor keen,  
While the breezes laughed to hear it,  
Sang their song to Hallowe'en.

CHORUS (*the air of the chorus is played softly, if there be musical accompaniment, and instead of singing, the group hoots, loudly and mournfully, "To who, to who, to who," until the last line of the chorus, when they sing*):

Sang their song to Hallowe'en.

2—Where the boards were high upstanding,  
Two cats sat on a fence,  
And with dignity commanding,  
Sang a song that had no sense;  
In a loud and festive manner,  
With soft notes between,  
While the breezes laughed to hear it,  
Sang their song to Hallowe'en.

CHORUS (*as before except that they me-ow loudly, and occasionally softly, then sing the last line, as above*):

3—Owls and cats were celebrating,  
 As lads and lassies might,  
 There the magic contemplating,  
 Of the fateful, festive night;  
 Sang in honor of the Fates and  
 Witches, tall and lean,  
 While the breezes laughed to hear it,  
 Sang their song to Hallowe'en.

CHORUS (*spoken as above with half of the group saying "To-who," and the other half, at the same time, saying "Me-ow" in a loud and doleful manner, then all singing the last line*):

Sang their song to Hallowe'en.

### Because It's Hallowe'en

A song for two boys in hick attire, faces made very white, queer old black felt hats with hair of orange-colored paper hanging down to the shoulders, and large orange bow ties. They should supplement the song with ridiculous gestures. After each chorus, the music is repeated and they give a humorous dance.

(TUNE: "*The Spanish Cavalier.*")

The breezes all are still,  
 The wind is blowing hard,  
 'Tis dark with the moon brightly shining;  
 The owl sings his song,  
 Does not give a hoot  
 For the stars or the moon's silver lining.

### CHORUS

Oh, say, people, say,  
 I'm crazy today,  
 Spirits it is makes me feel so;  
 Not liquid kind,  
 But those that you find  
 Wandering about on Hallow even.

(*Dance, clog, or jig.*)

A horrid-looking witch,  
Handsome, young, and fair,  
Is riding the sky on a broom stick;  
Ghosts with golden harps,  
Do steal slyly round,  
To show living folk their latest tomb trick.

CHORUS

The witch's big black cat,  
White as banks of snow,  
Is silently loudly me-OW-ing;  
Jack o' Lanterns sweet,  
Without any feet,  
Are running here and there neatly bowing.

CHORUS

### Welcome to Hallowe'en

*(For the little folks.)*

(TUNE: "Twinkle, Little Star.")

- 1—Welcome, welcome Hallowe'en,  
Welcome ghosts and witches mean;  
Queer sounds wailing on the air,  
Jack o' Lanterns ev'rywhere;  
Tricks and charms for every one,  
Hallowe'en is lots of fun.
- 2—Through the shadows black bats fly,  
In the forest hoot owls cry;  
Lean ghosts in their robes of white  
Scamper slyly through the night;  
With hobgoblins everywhere  
Little folks had best beware.

### Said the Booby Bat

(TUNE: "*Jingle Bells.*")

- 1—Said the Booby Bat  
Unto the Batty Cat,  
"This is Hallowe'en,  
So put on your hat.  
Let's go for a spree,  
You, Batty Cat, and me;  
We'll help to paint the old town green,  
For this is Hallowe'en."

#### CHORUS

"Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en,  
Whoop—a—loop—a—loo!  
Booby Bat and Batty Cat,  
We will show folks what we'll do;  
In the dark we will lark,  
Paint the old town green;  
Make folks sigh an' make 'em cry  
With the thrills of Hallowe'en."

- 2—Said the Batty Cat  
Unto the Booby Bat,  
"I can me—ow—OW,  
But you don't know how."  
Said the Booby Bat,  
"I can do my share;  
Folks are scared into fits to see  
Me flying through the air."

#### CHORUS

- 3—So the Booby Bat,  
And the Batty Cat,  
Went out in the night  
Giving folks a fright;  
Till Booby Bat was caught  
By a wise-eyed Owl,  
And a ghost scared the Batty Cat  
Until he could not yowl.

#### CHORUS



## Pantomimes, Tableaux and Drills



### Which One

A pantomime to be given with a dim light on stage. A pretty young lady comes on from the left, crossing stage slyly toward the right, carrying a mirror and an apple. She stands facing the right, raises the mirror, gazing into it, and starts eating the apple. A young man comes on from the left and cautiously moves along the back of stage toward the young lady; very soon after, a second young man enters from the left, nearer the front, and moves toward her, watching the young lady so intently he does not notice the other man. They get almost to the girl before they see each other, then stop, glare at one another, assume indignant poses, each motions the other to go back, then, as each refuses to go, they threaten one another, shaking fists and gesturing angrily. At first the young lady is eating the apple and doesn't notice them, then as they come in her line of vision she assumes first a startled, then a horrified expression. As the young men motion and gesture each other off the stage they gradually work over toward the left; finally they clinch and force each other off the stage. The young lady moves slowly backward, keeping mirror held so as to watch them. When they disappear from view she assumes a despairing attitude, shakes head sadly and goes off at the right, eating the apple. These lines are read, off stage:

On Hallowe'en Miss Betty Lee  
Decided her future mate to see,  
Before a mirror an apple to chew,  
That she his manly face might view;  
But somehow fate was working wrong,  
For *two* admirers came along.  
Each one, in a most forceful way,  
Felt himself elected to stay;  
Each commanded the other to go.  
Each gave a most decided, "NO."

Miss Betty, viewing the contest there,  
Was filled with amazement and despair,  
For now she could not know which one fate  
Had selected for her future mate.

## Tableaux



### Who Can Tell

A charming young woman sits in meditative attitude, profile view, slightly bending forward, hands clasped on knees, looking earnestly into the distance, an anxious look on her face, as these lines are read, off stage:

The fates say that he loves her,  
The charms have told her so,  
And the tests likewise foretold it  
Three times now in a row;  
He has told her that he loves her,  
In a manner most intense;  
But what she'd like to know is—  
Will he love her *ten years hence?*

### Two Hallowe'en Favorites

A pretty young lady sits in a careless attitude, facing the left; before her kneels a young man, his hands extended pleadingly, the most pained and foolish expression on his face that it is in his power to assume. She half smiles at him as he looks more and more foolish. These lines are read as light is thrown on the scene:

Since the Hallowe'ens of ancient days  
Nuts have been accorded much praise  
For being endowed with magic spell  
Which future doings help to foretell.



Apples also have been much favored,  
And of potent love charms savored;  
Nuts and apples, so the writers state,  
Early gained fame in assisting fate.

Here we have a Hallowe'en view,  
Still depicting these popular two;  
Nut and apple in fame still trippin',  
For *he* is a *nut*, and she is a *pipplin*.

## Drill



### Spooky Spectres

A drill for eight, ten or more children, an even number, using both boys and girls. The boys costume as cats, with long, black stockings coming outside dark trousers, a black jacket with a long black cloth tail attached to the back, and a black hood with ears at the top. Some of the girls dress as witches; the rest taking part garb as ghosts.

To lively music the Witches enter, single file, at left corner of back, crossing to right corner, up the right side, then from right corner of front, diagonally to center of back; at the same time the Ghosts come on at right corner, cross to left (keeping to left as files pass), come up to left corner of front, then diagonally to center of back. When the files have started up the sides the Cats enter at left corner back, pass to center of back and halt in a group, forming the point of a wedge, the two files, coming down diagonally, forming the two sides as they halt.

WITCHES (*say*):

On this night we steal away,  
To have a merry holiday.

CATS:

Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!

GHOSTS:

We add thrills to the spooky scene,  
For this is mystic Hallowe'en.

CATS:

Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!

GHOSTS and WITCHES (*sing to tune: "Darling Nelly Gray"*).

There's a night in October when the spectres venture out,  
For there's charm and there's magic in the air;  
When the hoot owls are hooting, and the fairies are about,  
Then 'tis time for good people to beware.

*(While they are singing, the CATS, each picking the end of tail up in left hand and holding it out at side, dance slowly, balancing on one foot and then the other, up the stage to the front where they pause and bow, right and left. During the singing of the chorus they dance around in a circle, near front of stage, then dance back to their places at the back.)*

#### CHORUS

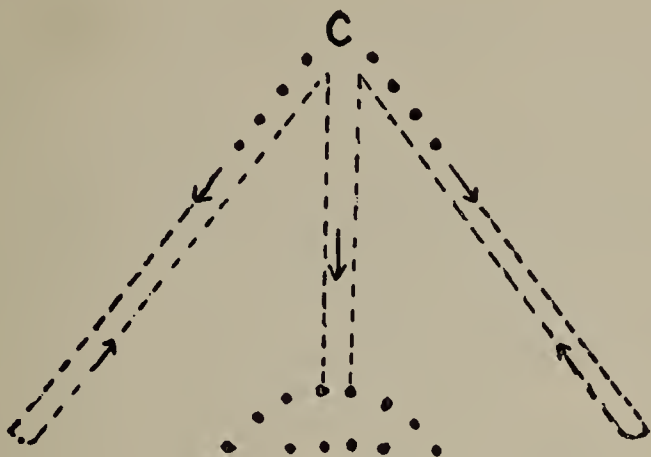
Oh, the spooky Hallowe'en,  
When the spectres may be seen!  
And the Jack o' Lanterns show their golden light;  
The old moon looks down in wonder at the wild and thrilling sight,  
And there's magic abroad on Hallowe'en.

CATS (*slowly and dolefully*):

Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!

The march music is resumed; the Cats come very slowly up the center to the front, stopping occasionally to spit at each other; at the same time the Witches pass diagonally up to the right corner of front, while the Ghosts come up to the left corner front; both files double back to the center

of back, then come up the center, in couples—Witch walking with Ghost, and moving out to right and left, form a semi-circle back of the Cats, thus:



(When halted in position, the Cats sing, slowly and mournfully, to the tune of "The Farmer in the Dell.")

The black Cats are about,  
The black Cats are about;  
Me-OW! How can you doubt  
The black Cats are about?

WITCHES (*shaking finger at audience*).

So you had best watch out;

GHOSTS (*shaking finger*).

So you had best watch out;

WITCHES and GHOSTS (*sing together*).

Black Cats are fierce and stout,  
So you had best watch out!

(GHOSTS *shake finger to right*, WITCHES *to the left*.)

March music is resumed; the Cats pass, single file, to the left corner of front; they go down the left side, the Ghosts following them; at the same time the Witches pass to right corner front and down the right side. The Cats pass to the

center of back and form couples, each couple joining inside hands, raising them high, and each, with the outside hand, holding the end of tail raised to the side. The Witches go to a point halfway between the right corner of back and the center of back and turn up toward the front; the Ghosts, halfway between left corner and center of back, and come up. The leading couple of Cats, the first Witch and first Ghost keep even as they pass up to the front of stage.

When leaders of the files reach front, Witches and Ghosts move together (if need be) to form the sides, and the Cats move back, standing side by side, facing front, to form the crossbar, and they make a large letter.

ALL (*sing to the tune of "Darling Nelly Gray"*).

'Tis an H we are forming, and it stands for Hallowe'en,  
Which we're helping you now to celebrate;  
There are spirits a-longin' for to get their hands on you,  
So you'd better watch out, folks, and walk straight.

(*The CATS me-ow, softly, occasionally loudly, as the others sing the words of the chorus.*)

#### CHORUS

Oh, the jolly Hallowe'en,  
When the spectres may be seen!  
When perhaps you may behold your future mate.  
The old moon looks down in wonder at the wild and thrilling scene,  
And there's magic abroad, as sure as fate.

The Witches pass to the right corner front, Ghosts to the left corner; they go down the sides of stage, meet at center of back, form couples, and come up the center of stage; while they are marching thus the Cats form couples at the center of front and wait; when the others come up, the Cats lead to the right corner front; all pass, in couples, down right side, across the back of stage and off at the left.



## Exercises, Dialogues and Plays



### What It Means

FIRST CHILD:

Can you tell me what it means  
When the winds go wailing by,  
And witches with their black cats  
On brooms go riding high?  
When grotesque, grinning faces  
About the windows peer,  
And ghosts with hollow voices  
From spooky shades appear?

SECOND CHILD:

It means that Miss October,  
Before she slips away,  
Gives us, to remember her,  
A jolly holiday;  
She brings spooks, fays and fairies  
From many an ancient scene;  
It means that all the country  
Is keeping Hallowe'en.

### Hallow Eve

An acrostic for nine children, each carrying a large cardboard pumpkin with a Jack o' Lantern face and a letter just where the nose should be, the letters to spell Hallow eve. Color the pumpkin orange, the letters black, the eyes and mouth bright red, with crayolas.

Carry the Jack at the left side, held by both hands. All the speakers enter at once and stand in a row across the stage with a space between Hallow and Eve.

- No. 1. H—is for the Harvest that gives  
The pumpkins for the fun  
That young and older folks enjoy  
On October thirty-one.
- No. 2. A—is for the Apples that help  
The accommodating fates  
To decide important questions  
Concerning future mates.
- No. 3. L—is for the jolly Lanterns  
That are used on Hallowe'en;  
The grinning little Jack o' Lanterns  
That brighten up the scene.
- No. 4. L—is for anxious Lovers  
Who, through signs and charms, would learn  
If their sweethearts will prove faithful,  
And their future fate discern.
- No. 5. O—is for the hooting Owls  
That add their mournful cry,  
Upon October thirty-first,  
To the sad winds' wailing sigh.
- No. 6. W—is for the cranky Witches  
Whose potions boil and bubble  
As they brew their mystic charms  
To bring good people trouble.
- No. 7. E—is for the frolicsome Elves  
Who slyly dance about,  
In dark, secret spots, to frighten  
The children who are out.
- No. 8. V—is for the spooky Voices  
That often have been known  
To frighten folks on Hallowe'en  
With their sad, sepulchral tone.

No. 9. E—is for the Entertainment  
That ghosts, sad and sober,  
With witches, cats, and bats, attend  
On the last night of October.

No. 1—Hallow Eve is a mystic night;  
No. 2—The witches congregate in might;  
No. 3—Owls and black cats add to the fright;  
No. 4—And pale ghosts are an awesome sight.  
No. 5—Hobgoblins glide with footsteps slow;  
No. 6—Mournful breezes whisper low;  
No. 7—Jack Lanterns scamper to and fro;  
No. 8—And terrors lurk where'er you go.  
No. 9—This night the fates their charms bestow,  
And future happenings foreshow.

ALL—And *that's the reason*, you may believe,  
Why we are so fond of Hallow Eve.

### The Joys of Hallowe'en

Either a young lady or a young man costumes as an amusing old maid, a funny, much-trimmed hat sitting high on the head, long curls of crepe paper hanging at each side of the face, an old-fashioned dress, and under it several petticoats, one of white, the others with bright, showy ruffles that will be noticeable when she lifts her skirt.

Run a curtain across the center of stage from side to side, three feet high, reaching to the floor. Have a fierce-looking black paper cat fastened to a stick, the latter to be held by a boy crouched back of the curtain so the cat shows above the curtain. The boy does the talking for the cat.

Another boy costumes as a goofy-looking ghost, coming on in front of the curtain.

(*Enter the spinster, looking about at the Hallowe'en decorations; speaks with a high, affected voice.*)

SPINSTER. Ah, isn't Hallowe'en *wonderful*? Isn't it a soulful, inspiring night? How one's thoughts turn to the romantic, the sentimental, to the joys of love and a charming mate.

Ah, I *love* Hallowe'en; I *love* the pretty Jack o' Lanterns, and the nice black cats. I *love* love charms, and (*strikes romantic pose*) how lovely it would be to have a loving lover. Ah, stars above! (*Looks up and clasps hands dramatically.*) How sweet thy beams, upon this mysterious, enchanting night. Tell me, golden stars, will the fates bring me a—a (*giggles*) lover? (*Stands facing the left, face raised, holding up her skirt, amusing pose.*) Ah, blinking silver stars, I look to thee for an answer.

(*The boy has moved on from the right, with cat close to curtain so it seems to be walking on top of it; cat pauses at the center, looking at the spinster.*)

CAT. Me-ow, here is a maiden lady, out gazing at the stars. I'm going to give her a terrible Hallowe'en scare. (*Loud and prolonged.*) Me-ow! Me-e-e-e-ow!

SPINSTER (*turning quickly*). Oh, a nice Pussy Cat! How do you do, Kitty Cat? How handsome you are. Come and talk to me, Kitty Kattie. (*She moves slowly toward cat, hand out; the cat quickly moves backward, increasing its pace as she follows.*)

CAT (*frightened tone*). Me-ow, let me get out of this. This is no place for me-e-e-e-ow. (*He pauses.*)

SPINSTER (*standing still, hand out*). Pretty Kitsie, come, go home with me. I want you for company. (*Bends forward, skirt lifted, hand out*). Won't you be mine, Tommy Tootsie? (*She starts toward the cat, mincing steps.*)

CAT (*very scared*). ME—E—OW! I knew I shouldn't go out on Hallowe'en! (*Backs off and disappears, as the spinster moves to right, calling, "Come, Kitty, Kitty-kattie."*)

SPINSTER (*moving back to center*). What a queer cat, not to want to be my pet. I like cats. (*Sentimental pose.*) There's something so—so interesting about them. Some women prefer them to a man, but I—I (*giggles*) prefer the—man. (*She stands with back to the left; the ghost comes on slyly at the left and looks at her.*)



GHOST. Now here's a lone lady with no one to protect her. This is my chance to give her a great Hallowe'en scare. I'll make her think a whole graveyard is after her. (*Creeps toward her, making motions with hands. Moans loudly.*) Ooo-oo-oo—ee-ee-e—e-e. (*Bends forward in dramatic attitude.*)

SPINSTER (*turning quickly*). Oh-h-h-h, a nice Ghostie! I'm so fond of them. This one seems to be real nice-looking. (*Bows and smirks.*) How do you do? I'm pleased to meet you. Don't you want to talk awhile?

GHOST (*backing off*). G-g-gee, she's tryin' to vamp me! (*To spinster.*) I—I can't. I ain't got time. I got to go.

SPINSTER (*advancing*). Oh, come on home with me. I'd like to visit with you, Ghostie dear. I'll make some tea and treat you to cake. (*Holds out hand, foot advanced, skirt raised, smirking.*) Won't you, Ghostie?

GHOST (*scared*). She'll be neckin' me in a minute. (*Backs.*) I—honest, I got to go, honest. (*Makes hurried get-a-way.*)

SPINSTER (*sighing*). Doesn't seem to be much doing if it is Hallowe'en. I'll go home and play dominoes with gran'ma. (*Exit.*)

## The Witch and Her Cat

(*For two boys.*)

JOE. Hallowe'en makes me think of old witch Winklewoof.

TED. What about her?

JOE. She had a cat.

TED. Huh, all witches have cats.

JOE. Yes, but she got this from a catalogue. Wasn't that queer?

TED. Sounds to me like catalogues is the place to get cats.

JOE. And this cat of witch Winklewoof's had—what do you think?

TED. A—kitten?

JOE. No, a cat-astrophe. It caught the catarrh.

TED. That's too bad. How did it get it?

JOE. You'd never guess, not in a month of Sundays. The cat went out in the woods for a walk one day, though witch Winklewoof had told it not to go away from home without her. Well, a catamount chased the cat up a cataract, and it got so wet it caught catarrh.

TED. Say, that sounds like a fish story.

JOE. Oh, well, if it's a catfish story I s'pose it's all right.

TED. How many tails did this cat have?

JOE. One, I s'pose, like all cats have.

TED. Oh, I didn't know but it was one of these cat-o-nine-tails, like I've read about.

JOE. You think you're smart, don't you? Maybe you've read the same book witch Winklewoof's cat did.

TED. What book was that?

JOE (*laughing*). The Cat-echism.

TED. By the way, what did she do with her cat when it caught the catarrh?

JOE. Made it a soft bed of caterpillars and tended it till it got well.

TED. Well, if you don't belong in the Ananias category! (*They go off at opposite sides.*)

### Who Pays

To be given by intermediates, who costume for the parts, a girl dressing for the teacher, a boy as a farmer, and a second boy as a hicky-looking janitor with a sooty face. Several children are pupils, wearing ordinary school clothes.

There should be a table or desk for the teacher; the children sit in chairs in front of the table, facing the teacher.

TEACHER. I am sure, children, that you'll want to have a little Hallowe'en celebration here at school; will you not?

SEVERAL. Oh, yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am.

NELL. May we trim up the schoolroom?

BILLY. Can we have something to eat?

TEACHER. Yes, we'll trim the room with orange and black festoons and bats and witches and cats. Perhaps (*smiles at BILLY*) we'll have some refreshments.

JOSIE. We ought to have some Jack o' Lanterns.

TEACHER. Yes, we must have several Jackies. Who can furnish us pumpkins for them?

NELL. Ma wants all of ours for pies. She won't give me any.

TOM. Pa didn't plant any pun'kins this season.

JOSIE. Ours didn't do well. Pa says he don't know why they didn't grow.

BILLY. Maybe I can bring a little one.

TEACHER. We'll just have to get some. We'll need several Jack o' Lanterns.

NELL. Maybe my Uncle Peter will give me one or two of his pumpkins. He has a lot.

TEACHER. Now you all run out to play. Be sure you exercise well. (*She taps a bell; they rise and pass off.*) Now I must write out that geography lesson. (*Sits at desk and writes.*)

(*Enter FARMER, a young man.*)

FARMER (*aside, as he looks at TEACHER*). Gee, she's a nice-looking young lady. I wonder if she'd go flivver-riding with me some time. (*To TEACHER.*) How do you do. (*Goes over toward her.*)

TEACHER (*looking up quickly and rising*). How do you do. Is there something you wish?

FARMER. I was going by and I thought I'd stop to see if you need any pumpkins to use for Hallowe'en. The teacher

last year wanted 'em to make Jack Lanterns. I've got quite a lot that are 'bout the right size to use.

TEACHER. Oh, yes, I'm glad you stopped because I need several.

FARMER (*hopefully*). Maybe when you aren't busy you'd like to have me drive you over to the farm so's you can pick out the ones you want. I can do that, well's not.

TEACHER. I think I won't have time; I'm so busy getting ready for Hallowe'en, but any that you pick out will be all right, I'm sure.

FARMER. Too bad you can't see how nice they look, setting round in the field. Pumpkins are a dreadful pretty color. Kind of cheerful, you know.

TEACHER. Yes, they are. How do you sell them?

FARMER (*smiling at her*). I'm going to make a special price to you. They'll cost you just—one kiss apiece.

TEACHER (*coldly*). Very good. I'll take ten. The—janitor will pay you. (*She marches off.*)

FARMER. Well, of all the—nerve!

(*Enter the JANITOR.*)

JANITOR (*crossly*). Well, what is it you want? Speak up. I'm busy; I've got to find out how the story comes out that I'm readin'. What you want?

FARMER (*angrily*). Nothing. Not a blame thing. (*Goes off.*)

JANITOR (*gazing after him*). Huh, what's the matter with him? Big mutt. I thought the schoolma'am said he wanted to see me. (*Scratches head.*)

CURTAIN



**A Lucky Hallowe'en**

## CHARACTERS

OLD MRS. GUNN	ELLA
SARAH, <i>her cousin</i>	JOHN
MRS. LANE	TOM
UNCLE SI	

SCENE I: *Living room in the LANE home.*

*Discovered, MRS. LANE and UNCLE SI.*

UNCLE SI. Well, since tonight is Hallowe'en, I suppose there'll be all sorts of goings-on, with ghosts and witches and tick-tacks, and a lot of Jack Lanterns running about the neighborhood.

MRS. LANE. Yes, I suppose so. It's a regular nuisance, I think, but we'll have to put up with it. We can be thankful Hallowe'en comes but once a year.

*(Enter JOHN.)*

JOHN. Ma, may I have another pun'kin? I want to make one more Jack Lantern.

MRS. LANE. You have enough already.

JOHN. Aw, shucks! Some of the boys have made four or five an' I've only got two. Please, ma, let me have one more.

MRS. LANE. Stop teasing. I know you haven't finished that reading the teacher told you to do. You sit right down and get at it.

JOHN. Aw, shucks! *(Takes a book and sits, pouting.)*

UNCLE SI. They say old Mis' Gunn is getting real hard up. Lem Harris was telling me she may have to ask for help.

MRS. LANE. That's too bad. Where's all the money her husband got for that woodlot before he died?

UNCLE SI. Seems like no one knows. Lem Harris was telling me the old lady can't get track of it. He was going to put it in a government bond, or something, but she can't

find it. She thinks he must have lost it, or burned it up by mistake, or something, he was so forgetful.

MRS. LANE. Now, if that isn't a shame, and with her needing it so much.

UNCLE SI. Too bad a Hallowe'en ghost or spook of some kind can't come 'long and tell her what became of the money. 'Twould last her quite a spell if she could find it.

MRS. LANE. I wonder if it's round the house anywhere. The old man might have hid it.

UNCLE SI. Lem Harris said she hunted the house from top to bottom and couldn't find it. He was s'posed to have six hundred dollars.

MRS. LANE (*rising*). If we're going over to see Aunt Jane we better be going.

UNCLE SI. I guess that's so. I'll be ready in 'bout five minutes. (*Exit.*)

MRS. LANE. Now, John Lane, you keep at that book.

JOHN. Aw, shucks! Stupid ol' hist'ry. (MRS. L. *goes off.*)

(*Enter ELLA with some orange paper.*)

ELLA. I'm going to make some festoons to trim the table up for dinner, so we'll be gay. (*Looks off.*) Here comes Tom Welch. (*Goes over, calls.*) Come on in, Tom. John's here.

(*Enter TOM.*)

JOHN (*tossing book on table*). I'm glad you came, Tom. I'm tired of that book teacher said I must read. What shall we do?

TOM. Let's plan what we'll do tonight. Why not go show some of the folks our Jack Lanterns, then you two come over to our house and we'll make candy?

ELLA. That will be fun, I'm sure.

JOHN. Let's take our lanterns for Gran'ma Gunn to see. Likely it will please her. Uncle Si says she's hard up and maybe it worries her. Say, isn't it funny 'bout that money her husband had, that they don't know where it went? Do you s'pose he lost it?

TOM. Maybe he hid it somewhere and couldn't remember. They say he was dreadfully forgetful before he died.

ELLA. Let's go out to the woods and make a fairy ring and get the fairies to tell us what became of the money. I'd like to find it for poor Gran'ma Gunn.

TOM. Well, believe me, you won't get *me* out with the pixies and goblins—not on Hallowe'en. My folks might never see me again, and they'd feel bad to lose such a nice boy.

ELLA (*teasingly*). Maybe they'd be glad.

JOHN. Ella, you go meet the spooks and find out where the money is, then Tom and I will help you get it.

ELLA. Very kind of you. I think I won't go. I'm so pretty the fairies might steal me. (*Laughs.*) Let's take our lanterns up to show Gran'ma Gunn, and I'll take along some of our Hallowe'en cookies for her.

TOM. All right. I'll come over here, then afterward we'll go to my house.

#### CURTAIN

SCENE II: *The back of stage is set for MRS. GUNN'S living room—merely some chairs will do. Across the stage, a few feet back from the front, have a curtain that can be removed after the children go off, revealing the living room. The space in front of curtain is in darkness.*

(*Enter JOHN, TOM and ELLA; the latter has a basket on her arm and each of the three carries a Jack o' Lantern.*)

ELLA. Well, here we are. Which window shall we go to—the one on this side?

TOM. Say, look at her wood, out here in the back yard. That ought to be carried into her woodshed. It's a tumble-down old thing, but it's better than having the wood outdoors. It may snow soon.

JOHN. Sure, it ought to be in the shed; be a lot handier for Gran'ma Gunn.



ELLA. Well, let's carry it in, or part of it, anyway. We can keep real still so she won't know what we're doing.

TOM. Let's do. It will give her a Hallowe'en surprise. We can put our things over here where they won't be seen.  
(*They put Jack o' Lanterns and the basket at one side, at front.*)

JOHN. This will be real fun. Come on, you wood heavers.  
(*Exeunt, at opposite side.*)

(*Curtain is drawn, revealing GRAN'MA GUNN and SARAH, also elderly.*)

SARAH. This is Hallowe'en, isn't it? I wonder if any youngsters will come fooling 'round, trying to scare us, or playing some of their smart tricks. Maybe I ought to look 'round outside and see if everything is all right—s'pose so?

GRANDMA. No, you needn't bother. There's nothing they can hurt. The gate's off its hinges an' don't do a mite o' good, so if the boys want to run off with it, I don't mind. I just as soon they'd have it.

SARAH. Don't you want to have it fixed? A place looks a lot better with the gate in order, I think. It's sort of stylish, to my notion.

GRANDMA (*sighing*). Now Sarah, you know I can't afford to have that gate fixed. I'm gettin' poorer ev'ry day and I'll be lucky to get enough to eat without tryin' to put on style.

SARAH. I sure do wish you could find that money Cousin Jason got for the woodlot. It would come in dreadful handy. Do you s'pose he lost it?

GRANDMA. No tellin'. He was awful forgetful, but he didn't want you to say so. I spoke to him sev'ral times 'bout it, but he'd say he was takin' good care of the money; then he died so terrible sudden and I've not been able to get the slightest trace of the money. I've most worn myself out, looking for it.

SARAH. Did you look outside, as well as in the house? He might have put it 'round the yard somewhere, thinking it'd be safer.



GRANDMA. Yes, I did. I hunted outside, off an' on, for days. I asked the men he used to talk with, but he never gave them any hint 'bout what he did with the money.

SARAH. I wish to goodness a kind-hearted witch, or a Hallowe'en fortune teller would come 'long and tell you where to find it. You deserve money if ever anybody did.

GRANDMA. Well, Sarah, lots of folks don't get what we think they deserve in this world, but it can't be helped. I'll get 'long some way or other. (*Looks down.*) Dear me, here's a pin, right in front of me, pointing for good luck. What do you s'pose it'll be?

SARAH. Let's pretend you're going to find that money. (*Laughs.*) If you do, I'll stay till Thanksgiving and we'll have a turkey. (*Listens.*)

GRANDMA. What you listenin' to, Sarah?

SARAH. I've thought sev'ral times the last few minutes that I heard something outside. I believe there's some one in the yard. I'm going to find out. (*Puts on shawl and goes out, cautiously.*)

GRANDMA (*to herself*). I wouldn't mind if some of the children brought their Jack Lanterns for me to see. I like 'em, they're so sort of cheerful. (*Listens.*) I hear Sarah talkin' to some one. (*Listens.*) Wonder who 'tis.

(*Enter SARAH, with ELLA and TOM; each of the three has a Jack o' Lantern and ELLA has the basket.*)

SARAH. I knew I heard somebody. They're Hallowe'en visitors.

TOM (*as he and ELLA hold their Jacks up before GRANDMA*). I wish they could bring you some good luck.

GRANDMA (*pleased*). Now, ain't they the pretty fellows? Land suz, it doesn't seem long since I was running 'round with one like these on Hallowe'en.

SARAH. What you s'pose I found them doing? Carrying in your wood and piling it in the woodshed, 'fore it storms. I call that real kind.

GRANDMA. W'y, so do I. I've been wishing that wood was inside; it's bad to have it out after it snows. (*SARAH and ELLA and TOM sit.*)

SARAH. There's one more boy out there but he wouldn't come in till he finished getting the last few chunks under cover.

ELLA (*passing basket to GRANDMA and SARAH*). I brought you some Hallowe'en cookies. Won't you try them? (*They and TOM take cookies and eat.*)

GRANDMA. Now, ain't these good, and wasn't it nice in you to bring 'em?

(*Enter JOHN excitedly, waving a long pocketbook.*)

JOHN. Oh, look here! Just see! I've found something—I'll bet it's that lost money. It was in a hole in the ground with a chunk of wood fitted over it, so one would never think it was there. (*Gives it to GRANDMA.*) Now see if it's the money.

SARAH. Oh, if it is—if only it *is*. Wouldn't it be grand?

GRANDMA (*as all gather about her*). It is—it sure's the lost money.

TOM. Whew! Wasn't it lucky we carried in the wood?

JOHN. Who says we aren't the good luck Hallowe'en fairies?

CURTAIN

## Going to the Party

### CHARACTERS

LESTER  
ALLEN  
TIM  
WILL

DICK  
PAUL  
MISS MURRAY  
JEAN

ALICE  
BETH  
ROSE

One of the girls costumes as MISS MURRAY who is chaperoning the eight children, TIM, WILL, DICK, PAUL, ROSE, JEAN, BETH and ALICE, who are on their way to a Hallowe'en party in the country. LESTER and ALLEN are coun-

try boys, going to a party as ghosts. They have white masks, dark lines about the holes cut for eyes and mouth, and are draped in sheets.

There should be no stage setting except a log and some chunks of wood at the back, unless some branches can be hung up for a woodsy effect. There should be a dim light on stage.

JEAN (*off stage*). Oh, isn't this just dreadful?

ROSE (*ditto*). What if we had been killed?

(MISS MURRAY and the eight children troop on, carrying two robes and some packages, from left.)

ALICE. I'm scared out of a year's growth, I know I am.

DICK. Aw, I think this is real exciting. Maybe the witches bewitched the automobile and made it run off the bank.

BETH. Don't talk about witches out here in the country in the dark. You'll have me going into a nervous chill.

MISS MURRAY (*calmly*). I am very sorry this happened. I can't imagine what made the steering wheel act that way. Anyway, we're not hurt and we'll not be much late for our Hallowe'en party. (*She spreads the robes on the log and has the girls sit; the boys sit on the stumps—all except PAUL, who stands by MISS M.*)

WILL. It's mighty lucky that car happened to come along so we could send word to the garage man.

MISS MURRAY. Yes, indeed. It won't take him long to come out and fix my car.

ALICE. Won't you sit down here, Miss Murray?

TIM. You might have my seat but it isn't very comfortable.

MISS MURRAY. Thank you, I'd rather stand. I want to keep watch for the man who's coming to fix the car. (*She goes over to left.*)

JEAN. I thought we'd all be killed when the car started over that bank.



ROSE. I hate to wait here in the dark—Hallowe'en is such a spooky night. Can't we walk the rest of the way?

PAUL. It's a mile; that's quite a walk in the dark.

DICK. Here we sit, a mile from our party. Isn't that a joke on us?

MISS MURRAY (*coming back to center*). Not a very laughable joke, but we'll not have long to wait. I hope you girls aren't cold.

BETH. Not a bit, thank you.

PAUL. Looks rather spooky off there under the trees. I wonder if ghosts and goblins are hiding there.

ALICE (*with little shriek*). Now don't, Paul. It makes me shiver to hear you mention them.

TIM. I wonder if there isn't a haunted house near here.

JEAN. Make them stop, Miss Murray.

MISS MURRAY. Why, Jean, you know the boys and I will take care of you. You are perfectly safe. Our party is only a mile away and we'll soon be there.

WILL. Must be most time for that fellow to get here. (*Listens.*) What is that noise? (*Off stage at the right comes a long-drawn "oo-oo-oo-ee-ee" made with the mouth covered with heavy cloth, to make it sound distant.*)

DICK. I'll say it sounds like a ghost. (*Girls exclaim.*)

ROSE. Are there wolves round here, Miss Murray?

MISS MURRAY. Of course not. (*The sound is repeated, nearer. It is answered with a similar call on the left. Girls jump up and stand huddled together. Miss M. acts nervous.*) I wish that man would hurry.

WILL. I hear some one coming through the bushes.

TIM. So do I. Wish we had a gun. (*ALICE moans.*)

MISS MURRAY. I'll see what it is. (*She starts bravely off toward the right.*)

PAUL. Don't let a bob cat get you, Miss Murray. (*JEAN screams.*)



WILL. And beware of hobgoblins. (*MISS MURRAY gets well off the stage then rushes back on, screaming.*)

BETH. Oh, Miss Murray, what is it? (*MISS MURRAY dashes across the stage, screaming, and off at the left, the four girls following her.*)

TIM. Get some clubs, boys. (*The boys dash about helplessly.*)

DICK. There isn't a club here. (*They fuss about, running into each other. There is a loud screaming at the left; MISS MURRAY and all the girls come rushing back on, huddling together.*)

ALICE. Oh-h-h-h, it'll get us!

ROSE. It—it—it's after us.

PAUL (*as boys try to be brave*). What was it? A bear?

MISS MURRAY. Oh, I wish we were safely home. (*Groans.*)

BETH (*screaming*). Here it comes! Oh-h-h-h-h, dear! (*MISS M. and all eight of the children run toward the right; they just get off when they scream and all rush on again, to the center.*)

WILL. Gee, it looked dreadful.

JEAN. We'll all be killed—or something.

MISS MURRAY (*wailingly*). Why doesn't that garage man come?

(*Enter LESTER from the right and ALLEN from the left, in ghost attire.*)

TIM (*pointing to right*). Gee, here it comes.

DICK (*pointing to left*). No, here it comes.

MISS MURRAY (*waving arms wildly*). Go 'way, go 'way, go 'way!

LESTER (*halting at right*). What's all this racket anyway?

ALLEN (*halting at the left*). Sounds like there's an Injun massacre going on. What's up?

PAUL. S-s-say, are you—ghosts?

LESTER. Sure, can't you tell from the looks of us?

ROSE. I don't believe you're ghosts at all.

ALLEN. I'll say we are, too—Hallowe'en ghosts.

MISS MURRAY. What do you mean by coming here and scaring us in this manner? It'll be a wonder if I'm not sick.

LESTER. Well, say, what do you folks mean by stopping here on the roadside and screaming like somebody was murdering you?

WILL. You ought to be arrested for acting this way.

ALLEN. Good land, we didn't do anything. I guess we have a right to walk along the country, going to a Hallowe'en party.

LESTER. I'll say we have. We're going to a party at Frank Horton's, and everybody has to wear a ghost riggin'. Allen and I agreed to meet here at the corner and go the rest of the way together.

MISS MURRAY (*laughing*). Oh, isn't this funny? To think of our being so scared over nothing. (*Laughs.*)

ALICE. I don't call it nothing, having ghosts come at you from every side. (*LESTER and ALLEN have come up beside the group.*)

ALLEN. We wouldn't hurt you. We're the nice sort of ghosts who don't even scare folks.

DICK. But you scared us all right.

MISS MURRAY. I'm sorry we screamed so, but I really couldn't help it, you look so spooky out here on the dark road.

TIM. Oh, here's the man to fix the car, Miss Murray. (*He runs off at left followed by Miss M.*)

PAUL. Hoo-ray, now we'll soon get started.

LESTER. Come on, Allen, we must hike along or we'll be late.

BETH. Goodbye, ghosts. We hope you'll have a good time. (*LESTER and ALLEN say goodbye and exeunt, right.*)

WILL. Get all our things and let's go. (*They pick up belongings and exeunt, left.*)

CURTAIN

## A Hallowe'en Hold-Up

## CHARACTERS

LYLE

NEVA

JIM

ANN

FRED

LOU

JACK

PEGGY

SCENE: *An old cabin with a table, a few wooden chairs, a bench with a water pail, and some boxes arranged for a cupboard.*

*(The four girls enter, carrying baskets and boxes with food, a Jack o' Lantern, and some Hallowe'en decorations.)*

NEVA *(as they place baskets and boxes on the table)*. Well, thank goodness, we're here. My basket was getting rather heavy.

ANN. The first thing is to get up our decorations so we'll look like Hallowe'en. Here's our Jackie. *(She takes Jack lantern from basket, sets in prominent place and lights the candle. They light other candles.)*

LOU. Will you help me pin these up, somebody? *(She takes a witch, a couple of black cats and some yellow paper pumpkins from a box; girls take off wraps, toss them on chairs and pin the decorations up.)*

PEGGY *(as they work)*. I'm glad we didn't let the boys come along. It will be a lot more thrilling to have this party just by ourselves.

NEVA. Sure. The boys eat too much, and they make fun of the charms we try, to determine our true lovers.

LOU. Yes, and what's the good of Hallowe'en if we can't get a few tips from the fates, concerning the future.

ANN. That's what I say. There, we've given the place an atmosphere already. Any one would know this is a Hallowe'en party. *(The girls stand back and survey their efforts.)* Quite spiffy, aren't we?

PEGGY. Wasn't it clever in us to come to this deserted old place? No one will dream of our coming here and the place is so secluded no one can see the lights.



NEVA. I'll say it was clever the way we eluded the boys. We threw them off the track so thoroughly that they'll never dream of finding us here.

ANN. What shall we do first? Why not have a ghost story to get us in a real spooky frame of mind?

LOU. Just the thing. Wasn't it Peggy who mentioned having read a thriller that would cause us to miss some heart beats? (*They sit on the floor in a semicircle with backs to the door.*) Go on, Peg.

NEVA. And make it all drippy with blood.

PEGGY. In the secluded forest of Bogieboo, in the valley of Deathdoor, on the precipitous rim of a rocky chasm, stood the lonely haunt of Black Peter, a bold and heartless outlaw. He counted that day lost on which he committed no crime, and his motto was A Murder a Month, young ladies of from sixteen to twenty-two being his specialty.

ANN. Oh, he must have been very handsome, to be so wicked!

PEGGY. Yes, he was handsome; pale of face with raven locks inclined to curl; flashing black eyes whose gleam could mesmerize his victims so that they loved him even while he murdered them.

NEVA. I do adore a masterful man.

PEGGY. His lonely home was beautifully furnished and Black Peter was served by two deaf and dumb old women and a blind man who were so capable that no city home was better managed. Yet Black Peter's life was incomplete because he had no wife.

LOU. How romantic. Where can I meet him, Peggy?

PEGGY. The last week in October had been a particularly fruitful one for Black Peter. He had murdered two fair young women, most foully. He was reclining on a luxurious couch, feeling quite self-satisfied, with not a thought that the boldest heart must sometime quail. It was the fateful, the portentous midnight of—Hallowe'en.

NEVA (*awed tone*). Here's where the blood begins to drip.



PEGGY. As a clock in a distant hall chimed out the strokes of twelve, a soft drop fell upon Black Peter's forehead; at the same instant another drop fell upon his hand. This was repeated—a drop upon the forehead, a drop upon the hand; a drop upon the forehead, a drop upon the hand; a drop—upon—the forehead; a drop—upon—the—hand. And to Black Peter's horror, he realized that these drops—were—blood. (*The other girls groan and shiver.*) Black Peter rang for his servants. He roared at them, bidding them stop this fall of blood, and they ran to do so. Meantime the drops dripped, and Black Peter moved from the couch to an easy chair. To his dismay the blood fell from the ceiling above him, a drop upon the left hand, a drop upon the right hand; a drop upon the left—hand; a—drop upon the—right. The blood had ceased to fall on the couch, so Black Peter again roared for his servants, bidding them attend to this new leak. Just then two white forms came silently through the barred window, each bearing a basin of blood. Black Peter sprang up and would have seized them but the forms rose, reclined against the ceiling, and as he gazed at them, poured blood upon his face. These forms were without features, yet Black Peter felt they were none other than the two young women he had recently murdered. Because he was too horrified to move, the blood continued to drop from their basins onto his upturned face, wet red blood, drip—drip—dropping, drip—drip—dropping! (*Silently JIM and JACK have slipped into the room, each with collar turned up, dark handkerchief tied about chin, a black mask over the eyes, cap pulled down onto face, and carrying an old six-shooter or long pistol. They disguise voices, speaking in low gruff tones. The girls are watching PEGGY, eyes wide with horror.*) Black Peter gazed, then with an unearthly moan he yelled—

JIM (*in low ugly tone*). Stick 'em up!

JACK (*ditto*). Stick 'em up quick.

ANN (*with a loud yell*). O my soul! (*The girls all scream and jump to their feet.*)

JIM (*as boys keep girls covered with guns*). Stick 'em up! (*The girls raise their hands, panting with fear.*)

JACK. Now, hand over your money.

NEVA. B-b-but we haven't any. W-w-w-we didn't bring any along.

JIM (*angrily*). Thunder an' blue mud! No money! A fine bunch.

JACK. Give us your rings, an' jewels, an' watches, then. Fork 'em over lively.

JIM. Git a move on, you janes.

LOU. B-b-b-but we're out for a Hallowe'en party. We left every thing like that at home. Here's a little ring you may have. (*Tries to pull it from finger.*)

JACK. That thing's no good—keep it. Ain't there no *real* jewels here? No diamonds?

ANN. N-n-n-no, h-h-h-honest, not a thing.

LOU (*moaning*). Oh, don't kill us, please.

JIM. We oughta kill 'em all—no money—no jewels. (*To JACK.*) Say, what'll we do?

JACK. You keep 'em covered, an' *kill* the first one that moves. I'll see what they've got here.

JIM. Well, move lively. (*JACK peeps into baskets and boxes.*)

JACK. They've got some good-lookin' grub here. I s'pose we can take this.

JIM. Grub! Huh, that's a heck of a haul! Well, load up. You janes git int' the corner there; face that way; keep your hands up. (*He makes the girls stand in corner, facing the wall.*) The first one that turns 'round—*dies!* (*He and JACK load up with baskets and boxes of food and hurry out.*)

JACK (*as they leave*). Keep your faces to that corner, now, you.

PEGGY (*after a pause*). H-h-h-have they g-g-g-gone? (*Groans.*)

LOU. I—I'm—dying of—fright. (*moans.*)

ANN (*looking around cautiously*). They've gone, thank heaven.

NEVA. We better stay here awhile longer; they may be looking in the windows. Isn't this *perfectly terrible*?

LOU. All our food gone. I'd like to kill them.

ANN. Peggy, go on with the story while we're standing here, like Jack Horner, in the corner.

PEGGY (*in doleful tone*). And a drop of blood hit him on the right hand, and a drop of blood hit him on the left hand, and a drop of blood—

LOU (*with a moan*). Hush, or I shall go batty.

NEVA. Let's get out of here and go home. (*They turn about and go to the table.*)

ANN. They didn't leave us a bit of food.

PEGGY. I hear somebody—they're coming back. To the corner, quick. (*The girls rush back and stand in corner, facing wall, hands up.*)

(*Enter LYLE and FRED.*)

LYLE (*acting very surprised*). Hello, what's the big idea? You playing some kind of a Hallowe'en game?

NEVA (*with a scream*). Oh-h-h-h, Lyle, is that you? (*The girls drop hands, rush over and stand about the boys.*)

FRED. What in time happened? You all look half scared to spasms.

ANN. It was awful. A band of robbers held us up.

FRED (*greatly astonished*). A—band of robbers!

ANN. Well, *two*, and they were *terrible*. I wonder we're alive.

LYLE. Aw, come, it wasn't that bad.

LOU. It was—it was worse than that, honest.

FRED. Did they take anything from you?

PEGGY. All our food. They wanted money and jewels but of course we didn't have any, thank goodness.



LYLE (*in surprised tone to FRED*). Well, Fred, they must be the ones who left all that food out here. We boys found it piled up under a tree. We left Jim and Jack out here with it while we came to see if we could eat it in this cabin.

NEVA. Bring it in and we'll give you some of it.

FRED. Oh, you will, eh? I guess it's ours—we found it. (*Goes over to door and calls.*) Come on in, fellows. It's all right.

LYLE. I'll help bring the stuff in. (*Runs off.*)

ANN. I'm glad you found the grub; I'm simply starved.

(*Enter JIM and JACK, without disguise, and LYLE, carrying the baskets and boxes.*)

JIM (*heartily*). Well, here we are. I suggest that we eat immediately. I'm as hungry as a hyena. (*They pile baskets, etc., on table.*)

LOU. Well, say, you needn't think you boys are going to eat all our food.

LYLE. How come it's yours? We boys found it. You wouldn't have had a bite if we hadn't brought this in with us.

FRED. Besides, we brought some grub along with us from home, so we'll have plenty.

JACK. That's grand. Let's eat and then play some games.

NEVA. Yes, let's eat. That hold-up scared me so I'm weak as a dish cloth. (*The girls begin to take covers from baskets.*)

JIM. I've got hot coffee in the thermos jug.

PEGGY. Good! My nerves are frazzled.

JACK. I should think they would be; that story you were telling when— (*he stops in confusion*) I—er—I mean—

ANN (*accusingly*). What do you know about the story Peg was telling us?

LOU. Say, you act mighty guilty. There's something suspicious about this.

JACK. Not at all. I—er—we—that is—



NEVA. And all our food being found out here. Come to think of it, those robbers' voices sounded familiar and—

JIM. Aw, they didn't; let's get our eats ready and—

PEGGY (*angrily*). If it was you smart Alecks who gave us that scare, we'll—why, we'll— (*Girls stand about the boys angrily.*)

ANN. I'll say we will. Why, we'll—

LYLE. Aw, come now, be good. You girls didn't think we boys would let you sneak off and have a party without us, did you? Don't you think we've got any gumption?

JACK. And I'll say you girls behaved well. You made us feel like real bandits.

PEGGY. I think this is atrocious, spoiling our party like this.

FRED. We haven't spoiled it. We're just starting in on what will be a huge success.

LOU (*laughing*). I'll admit this is about as clever a Halloween stunt as I've ever heard of. You boys certainly made our blood run cold.

JIM. Come, come, we're neglecting our banquet. Let's eat so we can hear the rest of the story. (*Mimics PEGGY.*) "And the blood dropped onto his face, wet, bloody blood, drip, drip, dropping, drip, drip—"

ANN. Hush, you'll get me so nervous I can't eat.

NEVA. And you'll have me drop-drop-dropping some of this food onto the floor.

LYLE. Well, if you do, save the pieces, for we'll need them all—we're so famished. (*Every one begins to fuss about the table as the curtain drops.*)

CURTAIN

## The Pun'kin-Headed Servant

### CHARACTERS

SAMBO, *negro servant*

JOHN LANE, *who hires him*

JANE LANE, *John's wife*

THE GHOST, *a guest in the house*

THE SKELETON, *another guest*

SCENE: *A plain room, table and several chairs.*

(*Enter JOHN, followed by SAMBO.*)

JOHN. Now, then, you understand that you're hired?

SAMBO. Suah, sah, I stands-under that perzackaly an' absotootively.

JOHN. And you understand there's no going back on the bargain, or sneaking out of the job?

SAMBO. Yas, sah, I stands-under that, an' Ize right heah to stay, sah, till Mistah Angel Gabriel toots his saxie-phone.

JOHN. Good. I shall feel then that I can trust you. Are you reliable?

SAMBO. I says Ize liable—liable to do most anything, yas, sah.

JOHN. All right. You just wait here and I'll find out what you're to do. You see, I don't know just what's wanted and—

SAMBO (*interrupting*). That's all right, sah. Ize married maself, an' I knows us men can't be too free, sailin' without ordahs, sah.

JOHN. Say, I do as I please, but—

SAMBO. Suah, boss, I does too—when my missus hain't round.

JOHN. Well, you wait here. I'll be back presently. (*Exit, left.*)

SAMBO. Waitin' he-ah suits me perzackaly an' absotootively. (*Puts hands in pockets, closes eyes and goes to sleep standing up, swaying backwards and forwards, snoring.*)

*Nearly falls over, wakes up, straightens up and goes to sleep again, facing the front. The GUEST arrayed as a ghost comes on at the back from the right and stands looking at SAMBO.)*

GHOST (*low wailing tone*). Ee-e-e-e-oo-oo-oo—i-i-i-ee-e-e.

SAMBO (*half waking*). Yas, sah, you want—sumfin'?

GHOST (*hollow tone*). Yes, you-ou-ou-ou-ou-ou. (SAMBO looks around quickly to the right and sees GHOST, yells, leaps up, comes down bent over, with hands over face.)

SAMBO. Oh, lawsy-a-mercy! I doned see suffin'. (The GUEST costumed as a skeleton comes on at the back from the left; GHOST motions to SAMBO, and motions for the joke to continue. SKELETON has black cloth draped for a covering, to which is fastened a skeleton cut from white paper, or drawn on with white crayon.) I suah doned see a nawful sight. (Groans and stands with body shaking.)

SKELETON (*awful voice*). You haven't seen half of it—not yet.

SAMBO (*looking around cautiously to the left and beholding SKELETON*). Oh-h-h, Moses in de lions' den! (Groans loudly, drops to knees and clasps hands.) Oh-h-h-h, Lawd! Save dis poo' sinner in de hour ob great afflict-i-ta-tions.

GHOST (*mournfully*). Yes, pray.

SKELETON. Pray hard and fast.

SAMBO. Oh-h-h-h-h, Lawd, forgimme foah takin' dat fifty cents piece outen my wife's pocketbook. I didn't mean to, Lawd. I were jes' a foolin'; Ize gwine put it back ag'in, suah.

GHOST (*mirthlessly*). Hah-h-h-h—hah-h-h-h-h.

SKELETON (*threateningly*). Fee-foo-fi-fum, fum-fi-foo-fee-e-e-e-e.

SAMBO. Oh-h-h-h, Lawd, ef you'll jes' delivah me from dese angels ob de evil one, I'll walk in de straight an' narrer way all de res' ob my born days, now an' fo-evah, amen. Ah won't beat-up my wife nebber no moah, nor take no moah chickens—



GHOST. Hah-h-h-h-h, ho-o-o-o-o, hah-h-h-h-h!

SKELETON. Einy, meany, miney, moo-o-o-o-o-o-o!

SAMBO. Lawd, help me to make a safe escapade. (*Jumps up, starts to the right but the GHOST steps up quickly and bars the way; with a yell SAMBO turns to the left, but runs into the SKELETON; stepping back with another yell, he wrings his hands, his knees shaking.*)

MRS. LANE (*off stage*). For goodness' sake! (GHOST and SKELETON *slip quickly off the stage.*)

(*Enter JANE LANE.*)

MRS. LANE. What is the meaning of all this unearthly racket? Is there a holdup, or is someone being murdered?

SAMBO. Yas, sah, ma'am, dey suah was. (*Looks cautiously to the left.*)

MRS. LANE. Who are you, and what, if I may ask, are you doing here?

SAMBO (*looking to right*). Hain't doin' nuffin', ma'am, not nuffin' a tall. (*Aside.*) Glory, looks like dey am left.

MRS. LANE. Who's left?

SAMBO (*thankfully*). I iz, ma'am; Ize still heah. (*Regains courage, bows to her and smiles.*)

MRS. LANE. I asked you what you're doing here.

SAMBO. Jes' waitin'. De boss says Ah was to—

MRS. LANE (*with decision*). I'm the boss.

SAMBO (*bowing*). Yas, ma'am, I means dat no-'count man what hired me—

MRS. LANE (*giving him a punch on the chest*). Are you speaking of—my husband?

SAMBO (*nearly falling over with surprise*). Ah—no, ma'am, yas, ma'am, Ah guesses so.

MRS. LANE. Well, I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your head. So the poor fish finally found some one to



help me with all this extra work, did he? Why didn't he come and tell me so?

SAMBO. Ah reckon he's done been huntin' foah you, ma'am.

MRS. LANE. Humph, he might have known I was next door talking to Emma Blunt. I'll bet he's out in the ice box helping himself to my cold chicken.

SAMBO (*rolling eyes and smacking lips*). Chicken—bress de Lawd!

MRS. LANE. You just wait here a minute till I come back, then I'll set you to work. (*Starts off toward left.*)

SAMBO (*grabbing her with both arms and hanging to her*). Don't you leave me here 'lone, ma'am.

MRS. LANE (*angrily, pushing him away*). Are you trying to hug me, you bone-headed goof?

SAMBO. No-o-o, ma'am, Ize got a woman ob my own to hug. She am a whole ahmful, too; weighs one hunderd an' ninety-sebben pounds and sebbenteen ounces.

MRS. LANE. Well, keep your hands off of me. As I said, you wait here. I'll—

SAMBO (*interrupting*). Ah can't wait, ma'am. Ah jes' 'members, my wife said Ah was to hurry home. Ah gotta go.

(*Enter LANE, from left.*)

LANE (*firmly*). No, you won't go. You're hired here, and you're going to stay right here and work, just as you promised to. A promise is a promise. Do you want the evil spirits to get you for not keeping your word?

SAMBO (*scared, looking back to left and to right*). No, no, no-o-o, sah, don't let 'em git me, sah.

MRS. LANE (*accusingly, to LANE*). I'll bet you've been sneaking into the ice box, eating that chicken, or some of the salad.

LANE (*guiltily*). Now, now, dearest, you know I wouldn't do a thing like that. Why, really, now, you know that—

MRS. LANE. Yes, I know *you*, John Lane, and I wouldn't trust you, and you look guilty, and—

LANE (*nervously*). Come, now, lovie, let's get to work. We've got to get busy, all there is to do.

MRS. LANE. Well, I'll find out if you did. It won't take me long. (*Runs off at the left.*)

LANE (*calling*). Dearest, wait. Let me explain. I—I— (*Runs off after her.*)

SAMBO (*heartily*). He-he-ehe-he, ho-ho-ho-ho-ho! Now dey's gwine be trubble. (*Laughs.*)

SKELETON (*entering quickly at back*). Is—that—so?

SAMBO (*looking back, yelling*). Land ob Canaan, he's back ag'in! Oh, Massa Lane, Massa Lane, come quick! Come quicker! (*The GHOST glides on.*)

GHOST. Let's take him up in the garret. Ha-a—a-a, the gar—ret!

SAMBO (*loudly*). Massa Lane, hurry!

(*Enter MRS. LANE, followed by her husband.*)

MRS. LANE. Well, Pete's sake.

SAMBO (*rushing and throwing arms about her*). Jes' look, ma'am.

LANE (*jerking SAMBO away*). Quit hugging my wife, you pun'kin-headed baboon. (*SAMBO throws arms about MR. LANE.*)

MRS. LANE. Say, what are you two doing?

GHOST. Not a thing. We just came down to ask you if we look all right.

SKELETON. We thought we ought to get used to our rigs, so we'll be able to appear at ease in them, you know.

LANE. Well, you've caused trouble enough. You go on away from here, so we can get to work.

MRS. LANE. I'll say so; there's a hundred things to do before tonight. (*GHOST and SKELETON exeunt.*)

LANE. Now, Sambo, the first thing to do—

SAMBO (*still scared*). De fust ting, sah, is foah me to gitten out dis house what done been haunted.

MRS. LANE. Oh, that's just some company of ours, trying on their costumes for our ghost party we're giving to-night, in honor of Hallowe'en. Come on, you two, and we'll start to fix up the basement.

SAMBO (*firmly*). Ize gwine home. My wife's sick.

LANE (*taking him firmly by the arm*). You, you pun'kin-head, you follow my wife. And do as she says. (*They start off.*)

CURTAIN

## Cupid Goes Hallowe'ening

### CHARACTERS

WILLIS LYMAN

ANN, *his wife*

OSCAR LYMAN, *uncle of WILLIS*

AMELIA HALE, *ANN's aunt*

EMMA, *the maid*

JOHN MORRIS, *friend of the Lymans*

### ACT I—*Before Hallowe'en.*

SCENE: *Living room of the LYMAN home.*

MR. and MRS. LYMAN *are discovered, seated at ease.*

LYMAN. What are we going to do to celebrate Hallowe'en?

ANN. I've been thinking some one might invite us to a party.

LYMAN. Perhaps—others are waiting for us to invite them to a party in our home. (*Laughs.*)

ANN. But it's such a lot of work to give a party, and so much fun to go to one somebody else gives.

LYMAN. Perhaps a number of our friends are thinking the same thing.

ANN. Now, Willis Lyman, you needn't insinuate that we're to give a Hallowe'en party. I'm just simply too busy.



LYMAN. And probably most of our friends feel the same. Why not go to a good show?

ANN (*hesitatingly*). Well, we—can, but it seems as if Hallowe'en is such a tempting night for a party. Why doesn't some one ask us to one?

LYMAN. That is probably what the rest of our bunch is asking. (*Laughs.*)

(*Enter EMMA with a telegram.*)

EMMA (*waving it*). Here's a telegram for you, Mrs. Lyman.

ANN. Oh, gracious! Does it contain bad news?

EMMA. I didn't read it, ma'am. (*Looks closely at envelope.*) It—I think it sort of looks like it might be bad news.

LYMAN. Open it and settle the suspense.

EMMA. The boy that brought it looked sort of sad, like it might be bad news. (*ANN gives a shivering little shriek.*)

LYMAN. Nonsense. I think the envelope looks rather cheerful myself. Shall I open it for you, dear?

ANN (*to EMMA*). You might have some water handy, so if I faint you can—

EMMA. I think smelling salts are stronger. My aunt Cordelia always wants smelling salts handy if she's going to faint. Have you any smelling salts in the house?

LYMAN (*firmly*). Stop this foolishness. Let me take the telegram, Emma. We'll see what it says. (*EMMA gives it to him; he opens it.*)

ANN. Now break it easily if it's bad news. Emma, if I faint, don't let Willis slop me all up with water.

LYMAN (*who has opened telegram and is gazing at it*). Jove, it's bad news all right. (*ANN screams; EMMA holds her hand.*) It—surely—is.

ANN (*weakly*). Is—it—mama?

LYMAN. Of course not—nothing like that. It's from my Uncle Oscar.



ANN (*hopefully*). Oh, is he—dead?

LYMAN. Certainly not; dead folks don't send telegrams. He's coming to visit us. Will be here tomorrow, or the next day. Hopes you'll be glad.

EMMA (*crossly*). Now see here, Mis' Lyman, you must remember I'm going home to that Hallowe'en party, no matter how much company comes. You just needn't think I'll miss that party. (*Goes off, head up.*)

ANN. Why do you act as if it's such a calamity to have your Uncle Oscar come? He might buy me a new dress while he's here.

LYMAN. Say, you don't know Uncle Oscar. I owe him three thousand dollars that I can't pay now and he's probably coming to collect it, the old skinflint of a grindstone-hearted geezer. (*Walks floor excitedly.*)

ANN (*wailingly*). What shall we do? We're so hard up all the time.  
(*Enter EMMA.*)

EMMA (*waving it*). Here's another telegram for you, Mis' Lyman.

ANN. Another—for me? Why should I get two?

EMMA. Well, if they're sent, it's only right you should get 'em.

LYMAN (*looking at one from his Uncle*). Oh, this is sent to me. They made a mistake and put Mrs. on the envelope.

ANN (*wailingly*). Oh, I just know this is from mama.

LYMAN (*hopefully*). Maybe she's—dead.

ANN (*with scream*). If she is, you bury me beside her, in the same grave.

LYMAN. I can't, unless you die; they'll not allow it.

EMMA (*crossly*). Well, living or dead, or even more company, remember, Mis' Lyman, I'm going home to that Hallowe'en party.

ANN (*faintly*). How can you speak of parties when my mother may be dead?

LYMAN (*firmly*). Let me have the telegram, Emma. We'll settle the suspense. (EMMA *gives it*.) Now, dear, be brave. (*Opens telegram*.)

ANN. Oh-h-h-h, yes, it's well enough to say "Be brave," when it isn't your trouble. (EMMA *stands by her and pats her shoulder*.)

LYMAN (*dolefully*). More bad luck. (ANN *shrieks*.) Oh, it isn't your mother, Ann, it's—your Aunt Amelia Hale.

ANN (*hopefully*). Dead? She's very wealthy.

LYMAN. No, worse; she's coming to visit us. (*Sits dejectedly*.)

EMMA (*firmly*). Remember I'm going to that Hallowe'en party, if the queen of Cuba comes.

LYMAN. Cuba doesn't have a queen.

EMMA (*crossly*). Well, the king of Cuba, then. I'm going home for a visit, an' that's that. (*Goes off, importantly*.)

ANN (*crossly*). Why do you think it's so terrible for my Aunt Amelia to come? She's lovely.

LYMAN. You forget my Uncle Oscar will be here at the same time. You know we've tried to keep them apart so he won't want to marry her.

ANN. Oh, I'd forgotten. If they get married, it'll be absolutely a century before we get any of their money.

LYMAN (*glumly*). Yes, and here they are, both planning to make us a Hallowe'en visit. We've got to keep them apart.

(*Enter EMMA*.)

EMMA. Mr. Morris has come to call. Shall I show him in?

ANN. Certainly. (EMMA *shows MORRIS in; the LYMANs greet him*.)

MORRIS. Mustn't stay. (*Sits*.) Really in a heck of a rush; got a lot to look after. My wife gave me a list of commissions, and you know what that means. These women can take up more of a man's time over nothing! I think there should be a law against it, don't you, Willis?

LYMAN. Don't get me into any trouble with my wife, John.

MORRIS. I imagine that's a good idea, Willis. Well, since mine isn't here to object, I'll say she simply wears me out with the errands she puts upon me. I suppose you think I might be man enough to object, but, well, objections make about as much impression on her as water on a duck's back.

ANN. What's causing the present trouble?

MORRIS. Oh, my wife has decided to give a Hallowe'en party and—

ANN (*clapping hands*). Goody! I hope she invites us.

MORRIS. Oh, I think you're first on the list. Anyway, she said I was to stop and tell you about it and see if you (*to ANN*) can come over for the day and help her get ready. I don't see what there's such a fuss over, but she thinks she needs you.

ANN. I'll be glad to help her. Don't forget to tell her.

MORRIS. Forget? Huh, that'll be the first thing she'll ask me. Say, it's so far over since we moved, why can't you folks plan to stay over night and make it sort of a visit?

ANN. We'll be glad to and—

LYMAN. But you know, Ann, the company we're— (*She scowls at him and interrupts.*)

ANN. We'll love to stay over night, and I'll come early to help.

MORRIS. Thanks. I suppose I must be dashing along; got somewhere between seven and seventeen errands to do for the wife. She seems to think my time is unlimited. (*Rises.*) I wish to heck I was man enough to refuse to do so much for her. Well, I'll see you at the blow-out. (*LYMAN ushers him out, then returns.*)

ANN (*happily*). This is fine. We'll send your Uncle Oscar and Aunt Amelia word that we're going away. We'll ask him to come the first week in November, and I'll tell



Auntie I can't have her before the ninth of the month. Will he be gone by then?

LYMAN. Sure; he'll only stay three or four days.

ANN. Fine. I'll telegraph both of them in the morning.

CURTAIN

ACT II—*After Hallowe'en.*

*Stage setting as above. MRS. LYMAN sits reading.*

*(Enter MR. LYMAN, from right.)*

LYMAN. Really, Ann, I'm getting worried about Uncle Oscar. Why doesn't he let us know if he can't come, or tell us when to expect him, or something? *(Sits.)*

ANN. Well, why don't I hear from Aunt Amelia? She should let me know when to expect her. Do you suppose they are provoked because we asked them to wait before coming?

LYMAN. Oh, I suppose so; just our luck to have our two wealthy relations get sore at us. That seeress at the Hallowe'en party told me I am to have a big surprise.

ANN. Did she say it is to be unpleasant?

LYMAN. Why, er, not exactly, but she gave me the impression I'd not be tickled to death over it. *(Sighs.)*

*(Enter EMMA, from left.)*

EMMA. Say, Mis' Lyman, have you got any relations that's coming to see you today? The taxi has stopped an' a woman all togged up like the princess of Patagonia's gettin' out.

ANN. Can it be Aunt Amelia? *(Rises excitedly.)*

EMMA. Well, you know well an' plenty that I like to be informed when comp'ny's comin'. *(Flaunts herself off.)*

ANN. I suppose it's Auntie. *(Runs over, fixes LYMAN'S tie and smooths his hair.)* I hope she'll like you.



LYMAN (*rising and striking a pose*). Why shouldn't she? You do.

(*Enter EMMA, ushering in MRS. HALE.*)

EMMA (*loftily*). Company for you, Mis' Lyman. (*Exit.*)

ANN (*going over and kissing her*). Oh, Auntie, what a lovely surprise. This is your new nephew, my husband. (*He bows and shakes hands.*)

LYMAN. Delighted to have you with us, Auntie. We've been awaiting you anxiously. We were thinking of sending a tracer after you if you didn't arrive soon.

ANN. Will you go to your room and take off your wraps? I'll take you up. (*Goes off, right, with AUNT AMELIA.*)

LYMAN. Hum-m-m, a nice-looking woman. I hope I can make a good impression on her.

(*Enter EMMA.*)

EMMA. A gentleman to see Mr. Lyman.

LYMAN. Show him in. (*Exit EMMA.*) Gad, I wonder if it's Uncle Oscar. Wouldn't that be just our luck? (*Shakes head gloomily.*)

(*EMMA ushers in UNCLE OSCAR.*)

UNCLE OSCAR (*pompously*). Well, nephew, are you at home?

LYMAN (*cheerfully*). I'll say, and mighty glad to see you. (*They shake hands.*) I was getting blamed worried because you didn't get here. (*Seats him.*) I hope you're well. It's grand to have you here, Uncle.

UNCLE OSCAR. Well, I s'pose I can stand it for a few days, if you don't try to kill me with showing me the city, and so on.

LYMAN. I must take you out to the new airport. It's wonderful. I'll show you how the city looks from an airplane. You'll enjoy it.

UNCLE OSCAR. See here, young man, I rode in a balloon at the county fair over thirty years ago, and I haven't quite got over it yet. Where's your wife—off gadding somewhere?

LYMAN. No; she'll be in presently. Her Aunt Amelia came for a visit a few minutes ago and Ann is up with her.

UNCLE OSCAR. What, that woman here? I s'pose my visit is ruined, then. Why didn't you tell me she'd be here? You know I can't stand gabbing widows.

LYMAN. Never mind, Uncle. You and I can have some good times by ourselves. (*Aside.*) Good! I hope he refuses to look at her.

UNCLE OSCAR. I thought I'd stop off, seeing I was going through here, and see what about that money you owe me.

LYMAN (*depressed*). Yes, er, sure—I—we'll have to talk that over.

UNCLE OSCAR. Fork it over—that's what I want you to do.

LYMAN (*trying to laugh*). Y-yes, of course, er, of—course.

(*Enter ANN and MRS. HALE.*)

ANN. Why, you dear Uncle Oscar. I didn't know you had arrived. (*Runs and kisses him.*) We're terribly glad to see you. Auntie, this is Uncle Oscar Lyman; my aunt, Mrs. Hale, Uncle Oscar. (*They bow stiffly.*)

MRS. HALE. Why didn't you tell me that man was to be here? I don't like the looks of him. Not in the *least*.

ANN (*horrified*). Why—Auntie!

MRS. HALE (*sitting*). Oh, you needn't "Why, Auntie," me. I shall say what I please, since this is a free country. At least he isn't *your* uncle; the men of our family are better-looking.

UNCLE OSCAR (*crossly*). What's wrong with my looks?

MRS. HALE. You better ask what's right with them; but I suppose you can't help it.

ANN. Willis, don't you want to take Uncle Oscar to his room?

UNCLE OSCAR. Don't want to go to my room. I'm all right, right here. I don't need to powder my face or change my

socks, and I've got a clean handkerchief. (*Waves it at them. To ANN.*) But I'll say, your aunt better be careful what she says about me. (*Shakes fist.*) I'm dangerous.

MRS. HALE (*complacently*). I shall say what I please.

UNCLE OSCAR (*darkly*). Take the consequences then.

LYMAN (*amazed*). Why, er, now, Uncle Oscar, I—

UNCLE OSCAR. Hold your tongue. Speak when you're spoken to.

ANN (*jumping up*). Auntie, don't you want to help me fix some luncheon? I'm sure you folks need something after your journey.

MRS. HALE (*commandingly*). Sit down. We don't need anything to eat, at least not until mealtime. (*ANN sits, much worried.*)

LYMAN (*rising*). By the way, Uncle Oscar, let's go take a look at the airport I told you about. We'll have time before dinner.

UNCLE OSCAR (*waving his hand*). Sit down. Airports make me dizzy.

MRS. HALE. Hah, you're afraid of an airplane. You wouldn't dare take a fifteen minute ride in one, I know from the looks of you. (*LYMAN sits.*)

UNCLE OSCAR. If I want to keep my feet on the ground, that's my business, madam. You're the one who's afraid to ride in one of those airbirds.

MRS. HALE. If there was a plane here in this room, I'd show you whether I'm afraid. (*To LYMAN.*) How are you young folks getting along? Do you manage to keep your debts paid?

LYMAN (*nervously*). Well,—er, part of them, part of the time.

UNCLE OSCAR. Let him alone, madam. He's *my* nephew.

ANN (*pleadingly*). Really, you two must be friends.



MRS. HALE (*jumping up*). We are friends. (*She runs over and kisses* UNCLE OSCAR.) Aren't we friends?

UNCLE OSCAR. Worse than that—we're—married!

LYMAN (*loudly*). Married!

ANN (*weakly, slumping in her chair*). Mar—ried!

MRS. HALE (*laughing*). We planned to surprise you and I think we have. I had already left home when I got your telegram, Ann, so I decided to come on and stay at the hotel, until you were home.

UNCLE OSCAR. And I had left home when your telegram came, so I planned to come on and stay at the hotel. Fortunately, we two were at the same hotel and became acquainted. When we found we were uncle and aunt to the same couple, we became very friendly.

MRS. HALE. They had a Hallowe'en party at the hotel and a seeress told me I was soon to be married.

UNCLE OSCAR. So, when I proposed to her she thought there was no escaping fate, and she said yes.

MRS. HALE. I said yes because I liked you.

ANN (*trying to be happy*). How lovely, and how romantic.

LYMAN (*laughing feebly*). Yes, I'll say so.

UNCLE OSCAR. And Willis, I was so pleased to think it was through your marrying Ann that I met this dear lady, I've decided to make you a present of the money you owe me.

LYMAN (*happily*). No, really? That's grand.

MRS. HALE. We're going to make you a lovely present, too, Ann, because Oscar and I wouldn't have met, had it not been for your marrying Willis.

ANN (*joyously*). Oh, you dear darlings! What a lovely surprise you've given us.

UNCLE OSCAR (*rising*). What say we all go for an airplane ride?

CURTAIN



## PART II

GAMES, STUNTS, PLACE CARDS,  
DECORATIONS, INVITATIONS

**The Seeress Replies.** Papers and pencils are provided, then all are asked to write their names at the top of the slip and underneath some question regarding the future of the one who writes it. These are collected and given to the Seeress, who is seated at one end of the room by herself. The first two or three questions she reads as they are written, announcing the name of the questioner, and answering in a clever manner. Then she announces a name and reads off a question not on the paper, that she makes up, something humorous that will set the company off into gales of laughter, such as, "Will (*name a young man present*) ever propose to me?" "What can I do to be more popular with the ladies?" "Does the young man who is paying attention to me love me?" "Have I halitosis?" These are worked in with the questions really written, and the Seeress can have some pat ones already in mind for certain ones present. This can be made entertaining, for some clever local hits can be worked in and folks will become anxious to know what is coming.

**The Oriental Seeress.** The hostess gives a little talk announcing that she has secured for the occasion a remarkable Oriental Seeress who reads questions with the back of her head. A curtain is drawn, revealing the Seeress seated on a table, her hands crossed in her lap, heavily veiled, and robed in colored curtains, etc., that billow about her. Several are asked to write questions for her to read and answer, a confederate holding one at a time behind the Seeress, who reads them aloud and answers them wisely. After each question the one who wrote it is asked to verify it. The trick is that the Seeress wears a false face over the back of her head, which the veil conceals, and sits with her back to the com-

pany, her hands behind her, a pillow arranged under her robe to form a lap. She has but a thin veil over her face, through which she can read. This can be made quite a hit.

**Maybe Yes, Maybe No.** Around the edge of a stiff circle of pasteboard, paste small paper pumpkins and black bats, alternating them, and having a two-inch space between them. At the center of the circle, on a peg, so it will revolve when spun, have a stiff paper arrow. Each person draws at random a slip containing a question. One after another these are read aloud, then the reader spins the arrow on the circle. If it comes to stop nearer a pumpkin, the answer is YES; if it stops by a bat, the answer is NO. Use questions like the following on the slips:

Do I spend money wisely? Am I to marry soon? Shall I travel much? Do I eat too much? Shall I die rich? Am I faint-hearted? Shall I die of old age? Am I lazy? Have I many friends? Am I handsome? Do I go to church too often? Does some one want to kiss me? Shall I be more than once married? Will I die in poverty? Will my money come easily?

**A Pumpkin and Apple Contest.** Two captains choose sides, one group being Pumpkins, the other Apples. A lot of yellow pumpkins and green apples, cut from paper, have been placed in sight about the room, on the floor, on the furniture, on the window sills, anywhere, so they're not concealed. At a signal a member from each group, taking a table fork, picks up either an apple or a pumpkin, according to the side he's on, carries it and places it in a box by the captain. The member getting the trophy in the box first scores for that group. Two others then try. The side wins that has the most scores when all its members have contested. If an apple or a pumpkin is dropped while carrying it, it cannot be picked up but the contestant must find another one and start again. Each group roots for its members and each captain must keep his members on the rush.

**Ghost Orders.** A young man, face whitened and wrapped in a sheet, acts as ghost, having a broomhandle or a heavy

cane. The company sits in a circle about him. When he raises the stick from the floor and waves it in air, the company must laugh, not jolly human laughs, but sepulchral ghost laughs. The ghost dances about, assuming weird poses, to help the laughter. As soon as he brings the stick down the laughter must cease, any one who makes a sound after it hits the floor, being compelled to drop out of the game. Repeat several times then all who were counted out must give a concert of ghost wailing, wind moaning, owl hooting, etc., until begged by the others to desist.

**A Cat and Mouse Affair.** Place on a table a gallon crock, or large vase with wide mouth. In this place as many black paper cats as there will be couples, each having two strings, a black and an orange, attached, the ends of the strings to hang out over the sides of the crock. Boys are to select an orange string; girls, a black; when each has an end, pull gently until couples are determined by the two having the same cat. On each cat is pasted a white paper bearing a number. In at least two rooms are hidden small paper mice, three bearing the same number as each cat. A number of these can be cut at a time, the eye, ear and feet quickly inked on. Hide those of the same number in separated spots. At a signal the couples begin hunting, but only one member of a couple can hunt at a time, the other sitting "at home" to hold the cat. When all have their three mice one member of a couple is blindfolded; the other member places their cat on the floor, the blinded member not knowing where. The latter then, while blinded, places the three mice on the floor, endeavoring to get them near the cat. A committee measures the distance of each mouse from the cat and totals them. Each couple does the same, the one winning whose total is the lowest. The younger boys and girls will especially enjoy this.

**A Cat Race.** Divide the company into two lines which stand facing, one at either side of the room. At the foot of the lines pin a black cat securely on the wall. The following story is read; on the first word beginning with CAT, the first member on each line makes a dash for the cat on the



wall, the one who touches it first winning a score for his side. Those two then take places at the foot of the line. The reader pauses each time after the contestants start, until they have reached the cat. On the second word beginning with cat, the next one on each side starts. Added excitement is given to this race in that the contestants don't know when their word is coming, and one may recognize it quicker than the other. Continue racing until the story ends, to see which side gets the most scores.

A traveller, walking through a wood, carried in his pocket a heavy CATalogue. In the distance he heard the roar of a CATaract, and just as he was congratulating himself that his CATarrh was better there came a rustling in the bushes and a large CATamount, with an angry snarl and a snapping of jaws, CATapulted itself into the road beside him. The man felt as if he'd had a CATaleptic fit. He wished he were miles away, in the CATacombs, for instance. He felt as helpless as a CATerpillar, and he was so frightened that he began an unearthly CATerwauling. In fact his screams might have been heard in the CATskill mountains. The noise so frightened a CATbird in a nearby tree that it didn't get over it for a week.

As he screamed the man pulled from his pocket the CAT-alogue. He waved it in the air and then threw it at the CAT-amount. The animal gave one yelp and started off as if a CAT-o'-nine-tails was after him. He was so undone he had to take CATnip for a week to regain his nerve. As for the man he had to have a good drink of CATawba juice to revive him, and for days he felt as weak as a CATfish. He sat down and indulged in a CATnap before he could go on. When he awoke he read some pages from his CATechism and then continued his journey. To shorten the distance he CATer-cornered across a field where he felt he would be safe from CATamounts. Thus he reached home without further CATastrophe.

**Corn Couplets.** Since corn stalks and ears of corn are often used in Hallowe'en decorations, a CORN guessing game will be appropriate. Write each couplet on a slip of paper, fold in the center and stick fast to an ear of corn



with a pin. They can all be pinned to one ear, some of them being vertical, others horizontal, to present a unique-looking ear. This is passed about from one to another, each person taking off a slip. They are then read aloud, the reader guessing the answer, all of which begin with CORN. Answers can be written if preferred.

- 1—I'm a general of fame;  
From across the seas I came.
- 2—A university am I,  
An eastern one with rating high.
- 3—I am a stone worn for show,  
And with color richly glow.
- 4—In the stores as food I'm sold;  
Often are my virtues told.
- 5—I, friends, am a lady's name,  
Old-fashioned but nice, just the same.
- 6—On my help you often rely,  
For I am a part of the eye.
- 7—An instrument of early day  
I am, on which men learn to play.
- 8—On the table and on the wall  
I hold flowers and fruit in fall.
- 9—A noted place in England am I;  
In the southern part I lie.
- 10—On a building, low or tall,  
Often I am part of the wall.
- 11—As a flower I'm known to you,  
Round in shape, in color blue.

12—My usefulness can't be refused;  
In making pipes I've long been used.

13—Down South they say that I'm fine;  
When I'm baked, on me they dine.

14—You know me well, I'll be bound,  
For in every room I'm found.

15—In winter I'm a food of might,  
Sometimes yellow, sometimes white.

ANSWERS: 1. Cornwallis; 2. Cornell; 3. Cornelian; 4. Cornstarch; 5. Cornelia; 6. Cornea; 7. Cornet; 8. Cornucopia; 9. Cornwall; 10. Cornice; 11. Cornflower; 12. Corncob; 13. Cornpone; 14. Corner; 15. Cornmeal.

**A Nutty Contest.** Each person having been given paper and pencil, the master of ceremonies holds up a small pumpkin and asks each one to write down how much it weighs; a bottle with pumpkin seeds is shown, to guess the number; an ear of corn is held up to write down the supposed number of rows of kernels; live black cat is exhibited, to guess its age; an uncut apple is shown, to guess the number of seeds; a long ear of corn is shown, to guess how many inches long it is; then a jar filled with some kind of nuts, to guess the number; a piece of white cloth with a lot of small black paper bats pinned to it is shown for ten seconds, then the number of bats to be guessed. The master of ceremonies has all the correct answers at hand, except the number of seeds in the apple. He appoints two to cut the apple and tell him the number. Each person reads the answer to first guess and the two of opposite sex having them nearest right are given cards, each numbered one; the two with guesses farthest from right are given cards numbered two. These four drop out; the others read answers to second guess; the two nearest right get cards numbered three, farthest from right, cards numbered four, and they drop out. This is continued; if there are not couples enough, omit some of the farthest-from-right cards; if more than sixteen couples, give cards to some for the answers next to nearest correct. The cat's

age should be guessed in months. When all have number cards, announce that those whose numbers are the same are partners for the Nutty Contest.

The couples count out by threes, thus dividing them into three groups. Some one acts as host or hostess for group one, and some one as minister for group three. One after another the two of each couple in group one are introduced to each other by the host or hostess. This may be in pantomime, or words may be used, as desired, but the couples see which can act the nuttiest while being introduced. Then the couples of group two see which can stage the nuttiest proposal and acceptance scene, using both words and gestures. Those of group three, one after another, must stage a marriage scene, with the minister officiating, to see which can give the nuttiest portrayal of getting tied. This can be pantomimed, or words used also if desired. If the men act natural they will be too frightened to say anything. While one group is contesting, the couples of the other two groups act as judges in deciding which couple gives the nuttiest exhibition. If entered into with spirit, these "nutty" portrayals can be decidedly amusing.

**Ghost Experiences.** Have very dim light in room. In a corner have a low screen and back of it a clever talker, fixed up in a sheet, with face whitened. One after another is asked what ghost of a noted departed person they'd like to see, and what question they wish to ask the ghost. As soon as the choice is made the ghost pops up from behind the screen and answers the question asked, in either a humorous or a clever manner. Questions may be about the departed one, or about the one asking the question, or relating to current events, as desired. After answering, the ghost ducks behind the screen until the next spirit is called for.

**Musical Answers.** This will be enjoyed by the older folk. The one who gives the answers must be able to play and should have at hand a copy of "Golden Book of Favorite Songs" or other collection of old songs. Pass slips, all but twelve being blank, the twelve being numbered, first 1, second 2, and on to twelve. Each slip also bears a question,



these being used: 1. Will I work for a living? 2. Shall I cross the ocean? 3. What is my favorite drink? 4. Am I religious? 5. Where shall I spend my days? 6. Am I sleepy? 7. Am I going to take a trip? 8. Am I domestic? 9. Will I live to be old? 10. Do I want to get married? 11. Would you advise me to marry? 12. Am I fond of friends?

One after another those who drew slips with questions read the question aloud and give the number of the slip. The musician has the list of songs that correspond to the numbers, and as a question is asked, the song, all or part of it, as desired, is played in answer, no words being used and the answer guessed from the melody. This will be enjoyed, as no one knows what the reply will be. Songs used are: 1. Work, For the Night Is Coming; 2. Rocked In the Cradle of the Deep; 3. Old Oaken Bucket; 4. There's a Church In the Valley; 5. America; 6. Good-night, Ladies; 7. God Be With You Till We Meet Again; 8. Home, Sweet Home. 9. When You and I Were Young, Maggie; 10. Flag of the Free (melody is that of "Here Comes the Bride"); 11. Blest Be the Tie That Binds; 12. Auld Lang Syne.

**A Little Trick.** Have a dish of shelled corn, or of beans. Each person is asked to scoop up some with a teaspoon, and to count them to ascertain whether the number secured is odd or even. The one performing the trick then announces that he will give each person, not knowing how many kernels (or beans) that one has, enough more to make the number odd if it is even, and even if it happens to be odd. He pretends to think about it, but gives each person an odd number, some as many as seven, others five, or three, but always an odd number—which never fails to bring the promised result.

**Predictions From the Witch's Broom.** With the explanation that straws show which way the wind blows, and therefore the straws of the witch's broom will show the winds of fate, a broom is passed from one to another. The brush part is up and among the straws are slipped as many strips of paper as there are guests. Each paper contains a prediction suitable for either sex and is folded through the center to conceal the writing. When each person has selected a prophecy they are read aloud.



Your Uncle Pete, when life is through,  
Will leave his fortune all to you.

You will tell, so the fates show,  
Bedtime stories o'er the radio.

You will amaze folks with your tricks  
Of making money with eggs and chicks.

Classroom fame is what you seek;  
You'll be a prof of Latin and Greek.

You'll be so inclined to tarry  
That, alas, you'll never marry.

Sometime ere you are fifty  
You'll own a bookstore, neat and thrifty.

Your wandering feet will not rest;  
You'll travel north and east and west.

As an artist you'll win fame;  
Often we shall hear your name.

You'll belong to the movie clan—  
Not a star, but a movie fan.

Here's a tip to make you caper—  
You will run a village newspaper.

Though not looking for renown,  
You'll be mayor of your town.

With a thrill of excitement keen  
You're going to fly your own machine.

You'll be inclined to laugh and chat,  
You will be good-natured and fat.

Life has many years for you—  
You will live to be eighty-two.

You will find life easy and nice,  
And be happily married twice.

You'll make some money, so says fate,  
As a dealer in real estate.

A little restaurant you'll own  
Somewhere in the Panama zone.

You are fickle and 'tis said  
You'll often love, but never wed.

You must be smarter than you look,  
For you're going to write a book.

Down in Miami, where it's fair,  
You'll run a shop of Ready-to-wear.

With hard labor you'll not fool;  
You're going to have a dancing school.

At the ills of life you'll scoff,  
And be happy playing golf.

You'll have money to spend and waste,  
For you'll invent a new tooth paste.

You'll wed money and live at ease,  
But never dare to do as you please.

**Fun With Apples.** Give each person a white paper cut in the shape of a large apple. On one side are the letters S, B, W, D, J, R, G, P, T, A, each letter to have space after it in which the name of an apple, beginning with that letter, can be written. Allow a certain number of minutes for the contest, the answers being, Snow, Baldwin, Wealthy, Delicious, Jonathan, Russet, Greening, Pippin, Transparent and Astrachan (or Arkansas black). On the other side have "Apples that are not apples," with a list that is to be answered, each being an apple that isn't one.

A Hawaiian product.	( <i>Pineapple.</i> )
Peculiar to men.	( <i>Adam's apple.</i> )
A spring fruit.	( <i>May apple.</i> )
A sea food.	( <i>Crab apple.</i> )
Roses have 'em.	( <i>Thorn apple.</i> )

Then apples are passed, with knife and plate for each guest. First the apple must be carefully pared in a long string which the parer twirls about the head and allows to fall on the floor. The fortune reader decides which of these letters the shape most resembles, and gives the meaning: L—luck for the coming year; S—a sick spell; M—a marriage; H—happiness; P—prosperity; E—engaged to wed; F—flirtations; T—travel. The apples are then cut and the seeds counted, each person getting a further prophecy from this rhyme of the seeds:

One shows an enemy;  
Two, a new friend;  
Three, your luck is going to mend.  
Four, a short sickness;  
Five, some new clothes;  
Six, a pleasant journey shows.  
Seven, a lovers' quarrel;  
Eight says twice you'll wed;  
Nine, a long life before you're dead.  
Ten, you'll be happy;  
Eleven, riches galore;  
Twelve says of children you'll have four.  
Thirteen brings honor;  
Fourteen, a good name;  
Fifteen brings you political fame.

Next, each young lady writes her name on two slips of paper, putting them in separate dishes. These are passed about and each young man draws one from each dish, not looking at the names, but remembering which he drew out first. One after another the men wet two apple seeds and press each one firmly on the forehead. The first to fall off is the name of the first slip drawn, which shows that the young lady whose name is on the other slip likes him better

than the one who fell first. This will occasion much merriment as the men, one after another, announce that "Nell Evans likes me better than Sue Smith does," etc. If desired, the young ladies can then try the same charm, using the men's names. Should the same name be on each slip drawn, it shows that a serious love affair is to follow. To discover if one's sweetheart will be true, put two seeds on the hot hearth; if they jump apart, dissention is to follow; if they move together, tranquillity.

**Witch Warnings.** Write each warning on a small slip of paper, roll, and place each in a capsule container, these being secured by the dozen from a druggist. With the admonition, "Take one and avoid bad luck during the coming year," they are passed about, to be drawn and read aloud. Use these warnings on the slips:

See new moon over right shoulder and have good luck.

Wear green on Fridays; it brings good luck.

Don't break a mirror; bad luck will follow.

A stone with a hole through it brings you good luck.

A pointed or sharp-edged gift will break friendship.

Do not walk under a ladder; it brings misfortune.

Don't hit a stronger person than yourself; you'll get hurt.

Pick up a pin with the point to you and have good luck.

Don't sing before breakfast; it brings sadness.

Dream of the dead and receive a letter.

Dream of picking flowers, sign of good luck.

Don't eat with thirteen at the table.



Don't let a cat cross your path; it brings bad luck.

If a black cat follows you, it brings good luck.

Put on the right shoe first to have luck through the day.

Kill a snake and get rid of an enemy.

A spider coming to you on a web brings a letter.

Get out of bed with right foot first to have a good day.

Do not sing in bed; it courts misfortune.

To spill the salt is a sign of a quarrel.

Stumble with the right foot, good luck; with the left, bad.

Drop the dish cloth, company is coming.

Returning to the house after starting brings bad luck.

Dropping a teaspoon is sign of a disappointment.

Drop your gloves or the scissors, disappointment.

**Wisdom of Ascalaphus** (As-kal'-a-fus). Have a good-sized paper owl pinned to a screen, or a curtain back of which a speaker can sit to read, as if the owl were speaking. Announce that centuries ago a young man, Ascalaphus by name, became so given to tale bearing that he was changed to an owl by Persephone. Now the wisdom of owls is proverbial, and Ascalaphus, the owl, has been secured to tell some tale about each one present. Each person then draws a card with a number, there being duplicate sets for the young ladies and the men. The speaker calls a number, saying whether it is lady or gent, and the one with that number rises while the lines are read.

#### YOUNG LADIES

- 1—You have ever been proud of  
Your form and beautiful face;  
As owner of a Beauty Parlor  
You will find an honored place.

- 2—You have ever shirked hard work,  
So you may feel some alarm  
To know you'll wed a rancher  
And labor on a farm.
- 3—You have ever shunned strong drink,  
To prohibition been true;  
You'll become a noted worker  
For the W. C. T. U.
- 4—You have always sighed to travel,  
As every one well knows;  
You will go throughout the country  
Selling Ladies' fine Silk Hose.
- 5—You've ever been fond of the men,  
And for lovers e'er did seek,  
So you'll wed a dashing westerner  
Who looks like a Spanish sheik.
- 6—You are very fond of children,  
And you'll think school-teaching is play;  
But you'll fall in love with a barber  
And to hymen's altar away.
- 7—You have never liked the men,  
You think they're fickle and frail;  
You'll be an old-maid postmistress,  
And deal out the neighbors' mail.
- 8—You have a very kindly heart,  
Your disposition's sunny;  
You'll wed a widower who has  
Four children but little money.
- 9—Because you have a pretty face  
You'll catch a banker, quite worth-while;  
You'll live in a fine apartment,  
And entertain with much style.

- 10—Because you are independent  
You'll sell insurance and real estate,  
And in trying to sell him land  
You will meet your good-looking fate.
- 11—You are fickle and like to flirt,  
And you'll have lovers galore,  
But you'll be so fond of changes  
That of husbands you'll have four.
- 12—With a man who objects to work  
It will be your fate to join;  
You'll support him well by running  
A rooming-house in Des Moines.
- 13—You are fond of a business life;  
You'll wed a shop-keeper, you elf,  
Then you'll shove him into the background  
And manage the business yourself.
- 14—You are loving and fond of the men;  
You are hoping to catch one soon,  
And you're destined to get your wish  
About a year from next June.
- 15—You are looking for adventure;  
An aviator you'll marry,  
And often sail in his airplane  
Up in the heavens airy.
- 16—You're home-loving and will be happy  
In a bungalow built for two,  
But when the lusty twins arrive  
You will scarcely know what to do.
- 17—You long have loved a kindly man,  
He's poor and apt to stay so;  
You'll wed him and clerk in a store  
To make the weekly pay grow.

- 18—Some day you'll sail away to France,  
The fashions and sights to see;  
You'll fall for a black-haired Frenchman,  
And reside in gay Pa-ree.

### YOUNG MEN

- 1—You are good and true and upright,  
Therefore the fates say they plan  
That you shall preach in a mission  
In the island of Japan.
- 2—You will sail away to England,  
And calmly settle down there  
To sell in a neat little shop  
Late styles of Gents' Ready-to-Wear.
- 3—You'll be disappointed in love,  
But all for the best, I ween,  
For you'll be a happy old bach  
And raise stock in the Argentine.
- 4—You're very fond of the ladies,  
In fact you love 'em hard,  
And you'll win a blue-eyed schoolma'am  
To become your life-long pard.
- 5—You are slow but you're a plodder,  
And your life will be a snap,  
For you'll make a lot of money  
Inventing a better mouse trap.
- 6—You have a wandering nature,  
And you'll be inclined to roam;  
But you'll come back from Africa  
To marry a girl here at home.



- 7—You think that you're so handsome  
You can have any girl you choose;  
But you'll find it no easy matter  
To keep her in dresses and shoes.
- 8—You think it would be just great  
To teach in a young ladies' college;  
But you can't stand all the bother  
Of filling your head with knowledge.
- 9—You would like to get rich easy,  
And you'd like to get rich fast,  
So you'll marry a fat widow lady,  
With money enough and to last.
- 10—You'll build bridges in Alaska,  
And railroads in Yucatan,  
And all the ladies will think  
You're a perfectly wonderful man.
- 11—You are fond of good things to eat,  
And the time will come, the fates say,  
When you're the prosperous owner  
Of a large and modern café.
- 12—You'll be a noted business man  
And an honor to the land;  
You've already met your future mate,  
Who'll rule you with a firm hand.
- 13—As a man you'll be more fond  
Of dead people than the live,  
For you'll be an undertaker,  
And a goodly fortune contrive.
- 14—You're good-looking, smiling and kind,  
You'll have three wives in your day;  
Each one will love you so dearly  
That she'll hate to pass away.

- 15—You will have your ups and downs,  
But there'll be more up than down;  
You'll be a justice of the peace,  
And then mayor of the town.
- 16—You'll be wealthy and live to be  
So old your kindred will sigh,  
“Good land, he's almost ninety—  
*When is he going to die?*”
- 17—You're in love with two fair maidens,  
And you don't know which to choose;  
The red-haired one doesn't like you,  
And the other your hand will refuse.
- 18—You'll not gain fame, but you will be  
Much observed, in spite of that,  
For folks will look at you and say,  
“My gracious, isn't he fat?”

**Ye Famous Lovers.** For a not-too-large company, where there are sufficient men, let the ladies draw slips, each having the name of a lady-love, the following being used: Eve, Evangeline, Cleopatra, Juliet, Rebekah, Judy, Priscilla, Ruth, Virginia, Psyche (Si'-ke), Minnehaha, Beatrice, Martha, Ramona, Helen of Troy.

Each man draws a card with a stanza descriptive of a famous lover. One after another these are read aloud, the lady with the name of his sweetheart claiming him as her partner. When all have been grouped each couple must either present a tableau or pantomime suggestive of their names, write and sing a verse of song about them, or give a dialogue supposed to have been spoken by the immortal two. The men draw these lines to read.

Long have maidens sighed o'er me,  
A Shakespearean hero of fame,  
Who died for love, and in dying  
Gained an immortal name.

(*Romeo.*)

Ah, she was handsome, that alluring  
Sorceress of the Nile,  
But better for me had I flirted  
With one of commoner style.  
(*Mark Antony.*)

In the wigwam of the forest  
Dwelt she where the pine trees sighed;  
From the land of the Dacotah's,  
Came my lovely Indian bride.  
(*Hiawatha.*)

In a beautiful garden I dwelt,  
But did not live there long;  
And, as so often happens,  
She was to blame for the wrong.  
(*Adam.*)

When from our picturesque country,  
We sailed southward, on the sea,  
I was parted from my sweetheart, who  
Spent long years in searching me.  
(*Gabriel.*)

My future mate was more charming  
Than any words can tell,  
As she stood there drawing water  
For my servant at the well.  
(*Isaac.*)

I think I was rendered speechless  
By love, that saucy elf,  
For I didn't have sufficient courage  
To speak up for myself.  
(*John Alden.*)

I am that Italian writer,  
Who loved a maiden fair,  
And put her into a poem,  
And immortalized her there.  
(*Dante.*)

In my fields the Jewish maiden  
Gleaned by my reapers' side;  
And because she was good and charming,  
I asked her to be my bride.  
(*Boaz.*)

I am the general who won  
A charming widow's hand;  
Right loyally she stood by me  
As I served my dear native land.  
(*Washington.*)

I am that funny little man—  
You've heard of often, I know,  
Who had a funny little wife,  
And was put into a show.  
(*Punch.*)

Behold in me the ardent lover—  
At least I must have been so,  
For everywhere I'm pictured  
As aiming at hearts with a bow.  
(*Cupid.*)

I loved a beautiful woman  
With a husband—such a pity!  
Our elopement caused a fierce war,  
And the siege of a famous city.  
(*Paris.*)

We fell in love when we were young,  
And through the years were true;  
When she was drowned in a shipwreck,  
Of grief I soon perished too.  
(*Paul.*)

I learned to love her when in  
California, shearing sheep;  
Through years of sorrows and troubles  
Our love was strong and deep.  
(*Alessandro.*)



Instead of having the men give the lines and the women choose their mates, the company can be arranged in couples, then each couple given their lines. A curtain is hung in a doorway with a bright light back of it, and behind this each couple in turn must give an appropriate shadow pantomime as the lines are read, the others guessing the names of the actors. A number of hats, shawls, and necessary accessories should be at hand for couples to use in costuming for the poses. Those viewing the scenes sit in an unlighted room. Three couples are out at a time, two getting ready for their exhibition while the other couple is giving a pantomime.

### Murder Will Out

The reader selects eight persons to be the WITCH, the MAIDEN, the CAT, the DOG, CAESAR'S GHOST, the WIND, a SNAKE and an OWL. Whenever they are mentioned the Witch gives a cackling, mirthless laugh, Dog howls, Cat meows, Snake hisses, Owl hoots mournfully, Ghost gives low, sepulchral moans, the Wind goes oo-oo-oo-ooo-eee-eee, and the Maiden cries aloud. The reader should pause to give time for these.

READER: Somewhere between Reno, Nevada, and Keokuk, Iowa, an airplane hummed noisily through the night, looking down upon a world lighted by more or less of a moon and the candles of seventeen thousand Jack o' Lanterns prowling about the streets, for it was, as you may have guessed, the last night of October, long known as Hallowe'en.

Slumped down in a seat of the airplane was a Maiden, a sad, wasted-looking Maiden, who ever and anon and in between times, gave vent to irrepressible weeping. It got on the nerves of the pilot, but the Maiden had paid her fare, so what could he do? She was accompanied by a Dog, a strong-lunged little Dog, whom the Maiden had smuggled into the plane under her cape, and this Dog, when the Maiden wept, lifted his muzzle and howled, looking out the window and baying at the moon.

Stopping at an airport, perhaps in Cheyenne, Wyoming, there entered the plane a wild-looking Witch followed by an

immense black Cat. They were a spooky sight and the Witch looked as if she were on mischief bent, as was quite likely, this being Hallowe'en. The Cat looked as if it could eat much larger prey than mice, and the Dog showed an instant dislike. The maiden's pale face took on a whiter hue, but the Witch paid no attention to her; she simply fondled her Cat. The plane whirred on, so high in the heavens that the Wind, singing its Hallowe'en songs, could not be heard by the Maiden, the Witch, the Dog, or the Cat; but the Wind didn't care.

At the next stop, it might have been Kansas City, a most *frightful* passenger entered, a Ghost, carrying a Snake which he stroked lovingly. He bowed to the Maiden. "I," he said, "am Caesar's Ghost. I hope we have a pleasant trip." He bowed to the Witch. "Yes, I'm the great Caesar's Ghost. This," and he patted the Snake, "is the asp that finished Cleopatra. I don't like Cleo; she vamped my friend, Mark Antony. That's why I like this Snake." The Cat rolled its yellow eyes; the Dog bared its teeth; but the Ghost took a seat and played with the Snake. Had the Wind known what was going on it would have worked up a storm.

The Maiden's grief annoyed the Witch. It annoyed the Cat, too. "I'd like to know what's the matter," the Witch said. "You get on my nerves." "If you were a Ghost," Caesar's spook remarked, "you wouldn't have nerves," and he patted the Snake. "Alas, my grief is heavy," said the Maiden. "I loved a young man, so fair, so brave, so kind—oh, Caesar's Ghost, how I loved him!" "And I suppose he fell for another woman," smiled the Witch. "Exactly," agreed the Cat, which made the Dog angry.

"No," said the Maiden. "He was accused of murder; bloody murder, but he wasn't guilty, no! But he couldn't prove it and he had to flee, to save his life, and somewhere, in a dark secret corner, he is a fugitive from justice. Hunted for his life," explained the Maiden. "How romantic indeed," said Caesar's Ghost. "Why didn't he take his death like a man, the way I did?" which amused the Cat but riled the Dog and the Snake. The Wind knew nothing about it.



"Alas, my Henry Prout, my lover!" wailed the Maiden. "What? Henry Prout?" asked the Witch. "Why, he's a son of my old neighbor. I know where he is. I'm on my way to see him tonight." "I shall follow you," cried the Maiden. "I shall see him, too." "Guess I'll go myself," said the Ghost. "It may be a real love scene," which amused the Cat, the Dog and the Snake. "Henry's not guilty," said the Witch. "A woman has confessed that she killed that man because he fell in love with his mother-in-law," which statement surprised the Maiden, the Ghost, the Dog and the Cat. Just then an Owl flew in the plane window. "We're talking of Henry Prout," the Witch told it. The Owl nodded. "The Henry who's my lover," explained the Maiden. The Owl blinked solemnly. "We told you who," retorted the Witch. "Henry Prout. I'm on my way now to tell him he's innocent." Again the Owl blinked. "They told you who; get off this bus if you can't understand English," yelled the Ghost. The Owl nodded. "You get off—that's who," said the Cat.

*(The reader must pause each time until the OWL says, "Who-who-who," before answering.)*

"I weep for joy," cried the Maiden. "Now we can get married." "There will be disputes," declared the Cat. "And likely quarrels," said the Dog. "But they'll make up," remarked the Witch. "Life's like that," agreed the Ghost. "I'm glad the murderer confessed," said the Snake. The Owl looked curious. "Why, the one who killed the man who fell for his mother-in-law. I've always said murder will out," and the Witch looked wise.

**Meet Your Future Mate.** Let the host or hostess, who has been more or less prominent in helping carry out the evening's program, have some papers in hand which will excite no curiosity. On one of these, where they can be easily consulted, have the initials of those present, numbered one, two, and so on. The lady taking the part of the fortune teller must be a confederate, and have a duplicate list of the numbered initials of those present. She has her seat back of curtains in a dimly-lighted corner, and has a mirror and a piece of French chalk, also a piece of soft silk—an old silk

handkerchief being advisable. She knows, from her list, who will be the first one sent in by the manager, and writes a name or initials for that person's mate on the mirror with the French chalk, then rubs it lightly off with the silk cloth. The person sent in is told to breathe upon the mirror, which makes the writing visible. It is well to have two mirrors, keeping one out of sight, for this makes it easier to have the writing ready for each one. The manager merely points to the one to go next, that the fortune teller may hear no names. If the crowd gets suspicious, let the manager say, "Well, then you go next," indicating the last one on the list, and announcing that fact to the seeress by a slight spell of coughing. She can keep check, and they can work from both ends of the list, if they're careful not to get mixed-up. With a little practice beforehand, to know how to manage the mirrors, this can be a clever stunt and the timely mating be quite enjoyed.

**Your Husband's Occupation.** This amusing way of revealing to the young women the occupation of their future mates, can be tried where there are young men present to do the pantomiming. The girls draw cards, each with a number, these running from one to as high as the number of girls present. Each boy draws a slip with a number and the work he is to pantomime, the numbers running the same as on the girls' cards. Use instructions like:

Imitate a man preaching a sermon (*minister*). Imitate a man feeding hens and gathering eggs (*poultryman*). Imitate a man cutting meat (*butcher*). Imitate a man mixing bread (*baker*). Imitate a man running a car (*chauffeur*). Imitate a man plowing (*farmer*). Imitate a man taking off in a plane (*aviator*). Imitate a man hoeing (*gardener*). Imitate a man keeping accounts (*bookkeeper*). Imitate a man selling goods (*storekeeper*). Imitate a man repairing a car (*garage man*). Imitate a man curing the sick (*doctor*). Imitate a traffic cop (*policeman*). Imitate a man pleading a case (*lawyer*). Imitate a man mixing a prescription (*druggist*). Imitate conductor on railway train. Imitate a painter and paper hanger. Each actor announces his number, and the



young lady with that number must guess his occupation, he continuing until she guesses it correctly and thus learns the work of her future mate.

### Charms of Ye Olde Days

Of course you will want to try some of the ancient charms and those here given have been long used, some of them for several hundred years. A book of charms published in 1690 in Edinburgh gives this as an infallible means of discovering one's future mate: Go to bed on Hallowe'en with a glass of water in which has been placed a sliver of wood, standing on a table near the bedside. During the night you will dream of falling from a bridge into a river, and of being rescued by your future mate whom you will see most distinctly.

A very old custom was for the inquiring one to steal out alone at midnight, pluck a hair from the head and cast it to the breeze. Whichever way it is blown shows the direction in which the future mate is to be discovered.

Let the maiden who would test her lover stand in front of a mirror in a dimly lighted room while she eats an apple. The worthy young man will step up, peer over her shoulder and ask for a slice of the apple. If this fails, let her walk downstairs backward, holding a lighted candle over her head. At the bottom of the stairs, as she turns suddenly, she will behold her future husband—at least he will be there if he has any gumption!

Tie a wedding ring to a silken thread and suspend it within a goblet, repeating the alphabet slowly. When the ring strikes the glass make a note of the letter, and begin the alphabet again, in this way spelling the name of one's future mate.

Fasten an apple to one end of an eighteen-inch stick, and to the other end attach a short candle. Suspend the stick by a stout cord at the center so the stick will balance horizontally. As it revolves the young men try to catch the apple with the teeth, he who can do so, being destined to good luck in his love affairs.

Several members of each sex place well-greased needles in a dish of water. The needles, either affected by the attraction of gravitation or the spirit of Hallowe'en, will behave in an interesting manner, some clinging together, others floating off alone. From their actions can be deducted the feelings for each other of those owning the needles.

Place side by side three dishes, one with clear water, one with soapy water, the other empty. A member is blindfolded, led to the table and with an extended finger touches a dish. Should it be the one with clear water the future mate will be young and charming; if the one with soapy water, the mate will be a widow or widower; if the empty dish is touched, the person will remain single.

Two hazelnuts are thrown onto the coals, each being given the name of one of the opposite sex. If a nut bursts or burns fitfully, that person is unfaithful; the one that burns with a steady glow being loving and constant.

The country maidens who have access to a cabbage patch may wish to steal out and pull a cabbage, thereby learning considerable of the future husband. Should the plant be straight and of good size, he will be of good form and comely; if small and crooked, he will be ill-favored. If earth sticks to the root it is a good omen, denoting possessions. The heart, whether hard, brittle, sweet or sour, indicates the future one's disposition. The choice must be made at random, feeling the way with the eyes on the stars, or blindfolded.

The dream test shows whether a gentleman, a laborer, or a ne'er-do-well will be wed. Grate up a nutmeg, a walnut meat and a hazelnut meat, mix with butter and sugar and make into pills. These are to be eaten before retiring; if one dreams of pleasant, rosy things the gentleman will be her lot; if of difficulties, the laborer; if of bad storms and great disturbances, the ne'er-do-well.

## Games Children Will Enjoy

**A Cat Contest.** Fasten three pieces of white cloth to the wall, and divide the children into three groups. Cut a fair-sized black cat into as many pieces as there are children in the group, having a cat for each group. One of the white cloths is assigned to each group. Starting with group one, each member, one after another, is blindfolded and after turning about three times goes to the cloth and pins its piece of cat to it. The game is to see which group can get its pieces pinned on near together and to look the most as a cat should look. The members of the winning group should receive sticks of gum or pieces of candy.

**A Bat Race.** Divide into two groups, one along each side of the room. At a signal number one from each side is given a bat, eight inches across, made of stiff paper. Starting at the end of the room each throws the bat as far as possible toward the other end, then runs to it and standing where it fell, throws it again. The one who gets his bat to the goal first wins a score for his side; then number two of each line does the same. The side wins who has the most scores when all have raced. This is amusing, as one never knows where the bat will fall when it is thrown.

**Pumpkin Throw.** Two leaders are appointed who choose sides, one group sitting along each side of the room. Each member is given a pumpkin, four or five inches across, cut from stiff paper, having a Jack o' Lantern face marked on one side, the other blank. One leader says "Throw" and all the children throw the pumpkin on the floor in front of the line; each one that falls face up scores five for that side. Then the other leader calls "Throw," and all throw again. They do this ten times, the leaders keeping the score each time, to see which has the greater score at the end of the tenth throw.

**A Treasure Hunt.** A Jack o' Lantern is passed about which has white paper slips protruding from its mouth. Part of these are blank (if there are more than nine children);



the others draw a number, these running from one to nine. Each child draws a slip, those with the numbers being the ones to do the hunting. No. 1 is given a card which says:

Look under a magazine new;  
Give what you find to No. 2.

The card which is found and given to No. 2 says:

Hunt under chairs till you see  
Something to give to No. 3.

The card for No. 3 says:

Hidden back of a certain door  
There's a note for No. 4.

The card given to No. 4 says:

Behind a picture you'll contrive  
To find something for No. 5.

No. 5 will be told:

Back of a cushion where colors mix  
You'll find a card for No. 6.

The card for No. 6 says:

Something blue as skies of heaven  
Covers a note for No. 7.

The card is hidden under a piece of blue cloth, on a table, piano or other furniture, and reads:

Resting 'neath a fancy plate  
Is a note for No. 8.

This, when found, reads:

Back of something made of pine  
There is something for No. 9.

The card for No. 9 says:

Go into the kitchen where  
There is something all must share.



The cards should be concealed before the guests arrive. Each one must read aloud what is written on the card that is found. The treasure is a box with a ginger cookie for each child, cut with a knife in shape of an owl, two big raisins put on for eyes, the beak being of confectioner's sugar frosting.

**Witches Fortunes.** Children enjoy having their fortunes told. For this wheel of fate a large circle of wrapping paper is placed on the floor, having as many numbers, running from one up, as there are girls present. They are told that a witch has left a prediction for each child. The numbers are marked around the edge of the paper with spaces between them. Have two duplicate sets of the numbers, one for the boys, the other for the girls, keeping them separate. The girls form a circle around the edge of the paper and march about until halted by a signal, then each one is given a card with the same number as she stops nearest to, on the paper circle. The boys form and march in the same manner and get the numbers for their fortunes. When all are seated, one after another tells the number drawn and the hostess reads the fortune, either from the girls' or the boys' list, of the corresponding number from the predictions below.

#### GIRLS

- 1—You are going to be a clerk,  
And in a big department store work.
- 2—You'll be a teacher, good and kind,  
But always make the children mind.
- 3—A nice old maid you're going to be,  
Fond of cats and of drinking tea.
- 4—You will be a preacher's wife,  
And lead a very busy life.
- 5—You'll be a nurse and know the trick  
Of taking good care of the sick.

- 6—A domestic science teacher you'll make,  
And teach the girls to cook and bake.
- 7—A dressmaker you're going to be,  
And make gowns beautiful to see.
- 8—You'll be a traveler and go  
To Africa, and Mexico.
- 9—Well, now, what do you know?  
You're going to sing o'er the radio.
- 10—You'll run a tearoom in Iowa,  
And make money every day.
- 11—You'll marry twice and have four boys  
And three nice girls who'll bring you joys.
- 12—You'll marry a farmer and make him happy  
Because you are so smart and snappy.
- 13—You will fill your head with knowledge,  
And teach History in college.
- 14—In a drug store you will run  
The soda fountain and think it fun.

### Boys

- 1—Automobiles you're going to sell,  
And fate says you'll do very well.
- 2—You're going to run a café.  
In Chicago, on Broadway.
- 3—You'll have a meat shop in Arizona,  
And sell hamburger and bologna.
- 4—Aviation you will try,  
And sail an airship in the sky.

- 
- 5—As a radio announcer you'll shine,  
And girls will think your voice is fine.
- 6—You'll be a chauffeur and drive in style  
Through the country, many a mile.
- 7—You'll be a farmer but not toil,  
You'll have a tractor to till the soil.
- 8—You'll join the navy and sail away  
To Panama and Baffin's Bay.
- 9—To Alaska you will go,  
There to run a movie show.
- 10—Fate says you will gain renown  
As a jolly circus clown.
- 11—You'll raise bees and sell honey,  
And make a tidy sum of money.
- 12—You'll be a doctor hard to beat  
At curing heads and cutting off feet.
- 13—You'll be a preacher and in many a state  
Folks will think your sermons are great.
- 14—As a carpenter you'll shine,  
And build houses large and fine.

**Handkerchief Toss.** The players sit in a circle with "It" in the center, holding a handkerchief tied into a ball. "It" tosses the handkerchief to hit some one in the circle and says, "Here comes a Witch," or "Here comes a Ghost," or a Cat, an Owl, or a Dog. These five things may be named. If "It" says "Here comes a Ghost," the one hit must groan several times before "It" counts ten. For a Cat, the one hit must meow; bark or howl for a Dog, hoot for the Owl, and give a cackling laugh for the Witch. This should be played rapidly.



**Pumpkin Halt.** Divide into two groups by choosing sides. Three paper pumpkins are placed on the floor. A child is taken from the room, blindfolded, and brought back in by the captain of the other side. The latter can halt the child anywhere he wishes, then the child can take as many steps as he wishes, and halt. If he can stop on a pumpkin it counts ten for his side; if within a foot of a pumpkin, it scores five. Of course the captains try to lead the blinded one about so he won't know where he is. The sides alternate, one from one group being brought in, then one from the other. The side wins which has the larger score when all members have been brought in.

**Cup Toss.** Form two circles, the same number in each, standing with spaces between if there are not many in the circle. Paste a paper pumpkin or a cat on each side of a tin or aluminum cup, to make it a bit showy, having a cup for each circle. One in each circle takes the cup, calls a child by name and tosses the cup to that one in the circle. If the child fails to catch the cup he must drop out, the spaces being made wider. When but three are left in a circle they stand in a triangle; when but two, they stand opposite. The circle loses which is first reduced to one member.

**A Nut Scramble.** Prepare a lot of peanuts by winding a thread twice around the nut and fastening in a knot at the side, using white on one-third of the nuts, black on a third, and yellow on a third. Put them in a paper sack and fasten to a light or something high at the center of the room. Divide the children into three groups of equal number, one group to be the Cats, the second to be Pumpkins, the third Ghosts. The Cats are given a paper sack trimmed with black paper; the Pumpkins a sack trimmed with yellow, and the Ghosts one trimmed with white. Each group chooses a captain who remains at the base and holds the sack. Each group chooses a base and stands there with the captain. The director of the game says "Ready," and hits the sack of nuts a blow with a broomhandle or other stick, breaking it so all the nuts shower down on the floor. Each group, except the captain, begins



to gather nuts, the Ghosts taking those tied with white, the Cats those with black, and the Pumpkins those tied with yellow. Only one nut can be picked up at a time and must be taken to the captain who puts it in the sack. If a nut of the wrong color is carried to a base it must be taken back and placed on the floor. Allow five minutes for picking up nuts, or a shorter time if they are getting too well gathered, then fine each group five for each nut they did not gather—the director knowing how many there were for each group. The fines must be paid by the group performing some stunt imposed by the director. When this fine has been paid the group can begin to eat the nuts, not before. When they have been enjoyed a scout is appointed by each captain to go for one minute and hunt nuts still on the floor; the scout finding the most of his color is given those found by the other two, for his group to eat.

**Guess Where.** One object in the room is named the "Witch," another is named the "Cat," and a third object is the "Ghost." One after another the children are blindfolded, brought into the room, marched about here and there, then must guess which of the three objects they are nearest. Those guessing Cat must sit together, and the same with the other two, to see which object has the most guessers when all have been tried.

### **Foods Children Will Enjoy**

Apples with the core scooped out, being careful not to break the skin at the lower end, and the cavity filled with small candies and nut meats. Use apples with a bright skin and with a sharp knife cut out a portion of the skin to make eyes, nose and mouth, the white flesh of the apple contrasting prettily with the red skin.

Popcorn balls that have dark eyes, nose and mouth put on with a bit of chocolate frosting, to form funny faces on one side of the ball. Add a small cap of orange and black paper and a tray of them will surely delight the little guests.

Little cakes frosted white and each guest's initials added with bright little candies. If frosting is made of confec-

tioner's sugar, water and seasoning, it will not harden quickly and there will be time to put on the initials.

A nice fat marshmallow standing on four legs—pieces of toothpicks—with a black cat-head sticker gummed lightly on the top. A large green gumdrop can be fixed in the same way. These are attractive little decorations to set by each plate where children are seated at a table.

Individual pumpkin pies can have faces put on with pieces of dates, the latter going very nicely with the pumpkin mixture. A dark ginger-cookie dough can be rolled thin and cut in cat, owl or bat shape, these tasting ever so much better than common round cookies.

### **Suggestions for Decorating**

Avoid the conventional; work with bold rapidity, rather than with attention to detail. Group decoration is attractive, instead of a surplus of harmony, having a witch and cat section; a ghost corner; a moon, bat and owl section; and a country corner with cornstalks, Jack o' Lanterns, a scarecrow and various out-of-doors decorations.

In a room that is adapted to it, a fence made of cornstalks can have a black cat perched on it, Jack o' Lanterns peeping through it, a scarecrow looking over it, a witch standing at one end of it and at the other end a little man made by putting the bottoms of old trouser legs on the lower end of the two front rounds of a stool, setting these rounds in a pair of old shoes, buttoning a coat about the stool and setting on it a grinning Jack o' Lantern which wears an old felt hat. Fasten to the stalks of corn several ears that have eyes, nose and mouth of black paper fastened on.

A ghost corner should have hangings of gray paper cut in strips, with occasional black used with it. Branches can be hung with finely cut gray paper with black mixed in, which gives a spooky-looking moss. A floor lamp or a tall chair can be draped for a ghost, adding a white paper mask with black paper pasted on for eyes, nose and mouth, fastened to a peaked hat to give foundation over which to drape the sheet.

Cover pictures with cats, cat heads, witches and owls, draping each side of the picture with strips of paper, using black for some, orange for others, and on some a combination of the two colors. Hangings for windows and tops of doors can be of uneven strips of paper, using black strips with a small yellow paper pumpkin at the end, and yellow strips that have small black paper bats and cats attached. Finely cut hangings for lamps can have little cats, bats, and pumpkins with faces, fastened on here and there, unevenly.

A striking decoration for a bare space is a large yellow moon with a number of black bats, the largest below the moon, some on it, the smallest ones off in a diagonal line, above and to one side, as if all were flying across the moon. Another space can have a large orange paper Jack o' Lantern, with a good-sized black cat on each side, below, looking up at the Jack. Spooky characters to stand in corners, or back of furniture, can be quickly made by marking queer faces on old white cloth to cover the brush part of a broom; fasten on some black crepe hair below an odd old hat, drape the handle of the broom with a sheet—and there you are!

For a ghost or spook party, or to give variety to the decorations of any party, have several tombstones about the room, cut of light wrapping paper, rounded at the top, and placed against a dark background. On each have a humorous inscription below a name, such as:

ALFRED ALFALFA.

*The race to gain,  
He struck a train.*

NOW HE RESTS IN PIECES.

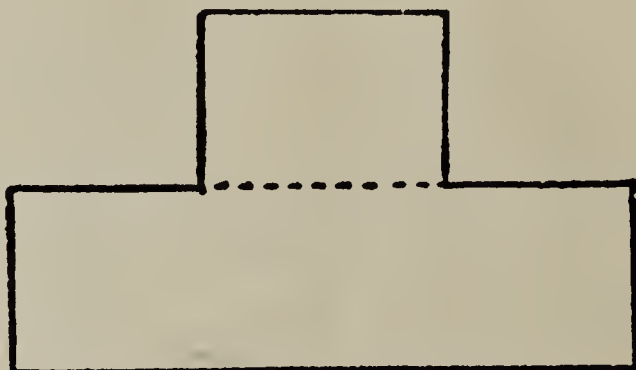
For thrills, rather than beauty of decoration, stuff the lower part of a trouser leg from which protrudes a stuffed sock, placing the leg so its lower part and the foot stick out from under a couch, or from behind a large piece of furniture. Some place else have the arm of a long-sleeved union suit well stuffed, and fastened to it a stuffed white cotton glove, with a cane inside that goes into the glove, holding it



upright. Let this arm stand, with hand pointing upward, projecting from above the piano, or other solid piece of furniture. A few of the spooks can be made more interesting if their big eyes have little electric lights back of them, that glow in quite a life-like manner.

### Place Cards

Attractive place cards are made by cutting stiff paper in the shape as shown, folding the narrower part back on the dotted line, so it will stand. On the white paper ones use a



small pumpkin sticker at one end; on the orange-colored ones use a white ghost, or small black cat sticker. Write the name of the guest and a sentiment. Another clever card is made by cutting the paper with a raised portion at the center for the upper part of a pumpkin or a cat head, to be put on with



water colors, ink, or using a gummed sticker. Fold back at each end, on dotted line as shown, to make the card stand. Use sentiments like the following:

Good luck's for you  
Whate'er you do.



The fates say  
You'll prosper always.

Ah, how nice!  
You'll be married twice.

By the fates I'm told  
You'll live to be old.

Keep sunny;  
You're going to get money.

The fates show  
On a journey you'll go.

A happy life,  
Free from strife.

The fates proclaim  
That you'll win fame.

You'll grow weighty,  
And live to be eighty.

You've lovers two  
And both want you.

You'll open your eyes  
O'er a happy surprise.

You'll have a long life  
And make a good wife.

Soon, the fates show,  
To the altar you'll go.

You'll lead a business life,  
And never be a wife.

You'll live in this state,  
And have but one mate.

You'll have little sorrow,  
And ne'er trouble borrow.

You'll have good health,  
And sufficient wealth.

On a farm near town  
You'll soon settle down.

Good clothes you'll wear,  
And have cash to spare.

The fates make it clear  
That you'll wed next year.

You'll live here and there,  
And know little care.

You'll change your mind  
When the right one you find.

At weddings you'll shine;  
Three mates will be thine.

You will be gay  
And happy alway.

You'll soon settle down  
With a mate of renown.

An attractive place card is made by sticking a marshmallow fast to a card with confectioners' sugar frosting, sticking a narrow stiff piece of paper, pointed at the end into the marshmallow, and gumming a cat-head sticker to the top of it, fastening a narrow orange-colored tie below the head. The guest's name is put on the card in a circular line. Or a narrow piece of stiff paper may be bent at the center and half of it glued to a card, and the other half of it standing up straight from the card, holding a little yellow paper Jack o' Lantern that wears glasses, the guest's name being on the card, in front of the Jackie.

Since many Hallowe'en parties serve refreshments buffet style, or by passing about plates and not setting tables, the Prophetic Apples can be included in the menu, passing them the last thing for each person to draw one, the apples being

face down in a fancy dish. They are prepared by cutting stiff white paper in apple shape, drawing on part of them a horseshoe, on others a four-leaf clover, and on the rest an owl, all for good luck. Beside the drawing write a good-luck prophecy, such as:

You'll hear good news.  
You'll get money.  
You'll get a new hat.  
You'll grow better-looking.  
Increase of happiness.  
Invitation coming.  
A new ring.  
Auto trip coming.  
You'll have a visitor.  
You'll make new friends.  
A new sweetheart.  
Better times coming.

Happy surprise is coming.  
You're going to be loved.  
Pleasant journey for you.  
You'll have a gift.  
Important letter coming.  
Change for the better.  
There's money coming.  
Prosperity will be yours.  
Sweet contentment.  
Better health.  
An honor awaits you.  
Some easy money ahead.

As a decoration for a table, or a centerpiece where both sides will show, make a Jack o' Lantern face on each side of a pumpkin. Place on top a black paper cap, trimmed with orange; set the pumpkin on a bowl, cover the latter with a strip of black paper and add a large paper bow at each side, below the face. About the pumpkin, in a circle with spaces between, arrange red apples, each with the skin cut to show white eyes, nose, and mouth.

### Invitations

A card with a simple pen-and-ink drawing of an owl in the upper left corner, has the date and time written at the bottom and above it this invitation:

Who-o-o, Who-o-o-o,  
Should I want more'n you  
At my Hallowe'en party?  
There'll be cats to meet you,  
Nice witches to greet you,  
Of ghosts a few,  
So come, please do.

Another invitation has a black cat sticker at the left side and the writing is with black ink. The name and address (if needed) of the hostess can be at the bottom of the card, or on a small card enclosed with the invitation which is in these words :

Me-ew, me-ew, me-ew !  
May I make a date with you  
For jolly Hallowe'en?  
On this night of mystic power,  
Seven fifty-five is the hour,  
When kindred spirits will convene  
To enjoy the festive scene;  
And we beg that you'll be there  
Our charms and prophecies to share.

A ghost party can use black paper for the invitations, with white ghost sticker at one side, and the invitation written in white ink, as follows :

A Ghost Gathering is my aim,  
You're invited to the same ;  
So please, attired in winding sheet,  
Come, my distinguished ghosts to meet.  
—— you're to personate,

*(In blank insert the name of some noted historical character.)*

And his (*or her*) biography to state ;  
Also perform some stunt to show  
What he (*or she*) was like when here below.

A children's party can use a Jack o' Lantern on the invitation, asking each guest to bring a Jack o' Lantern. These should be set up all about the room, each tagged with its owner's name. The guests vote as to the handsomest one, and the funniest one. A prize is given to the child with the largest one, also the smallest one. Use these lines :

To my party you're invited,  
But do not come without  
A jolly Jack o' Lantern  
To light your way about.



### Toasts

Here's to the witches,  
Here's to their cats,  
Here's to the hoot owls  
And whirring bats;  
Here's to the ghosties,  
In robes of white,  
Here's to the thrills of  
Hallowe'en night.

---

A toast to Hallowe'en!  
It comes but once a year,  
But it brings joys a-plenty  
The one night that it's here.  
Murders, lovers, witches, ghosts,  
Appearing from the past;  
Here's a toast to Hallowe'en,  
And may its revels last!

---

Here's a greeting to the ghosts sad,  
A greeting to the goblin hosts bad,  
And let them merry be!  
May witches, fays and grinning cats,  
Owls, and sprites, and sable bats,  
Have good cheer on Hallowe'en,  
And add enchantment to the scene,  
With revels wild and free.

---

Here's to you all, my friends,  
May success be yours today;  
May propitious fates attend you,  
And good luck with you stay.  
May charms and divinations  
Show future joys and blisses,  
With love to keep you happy,  
Love flavored with sweet—  
Kisses!















